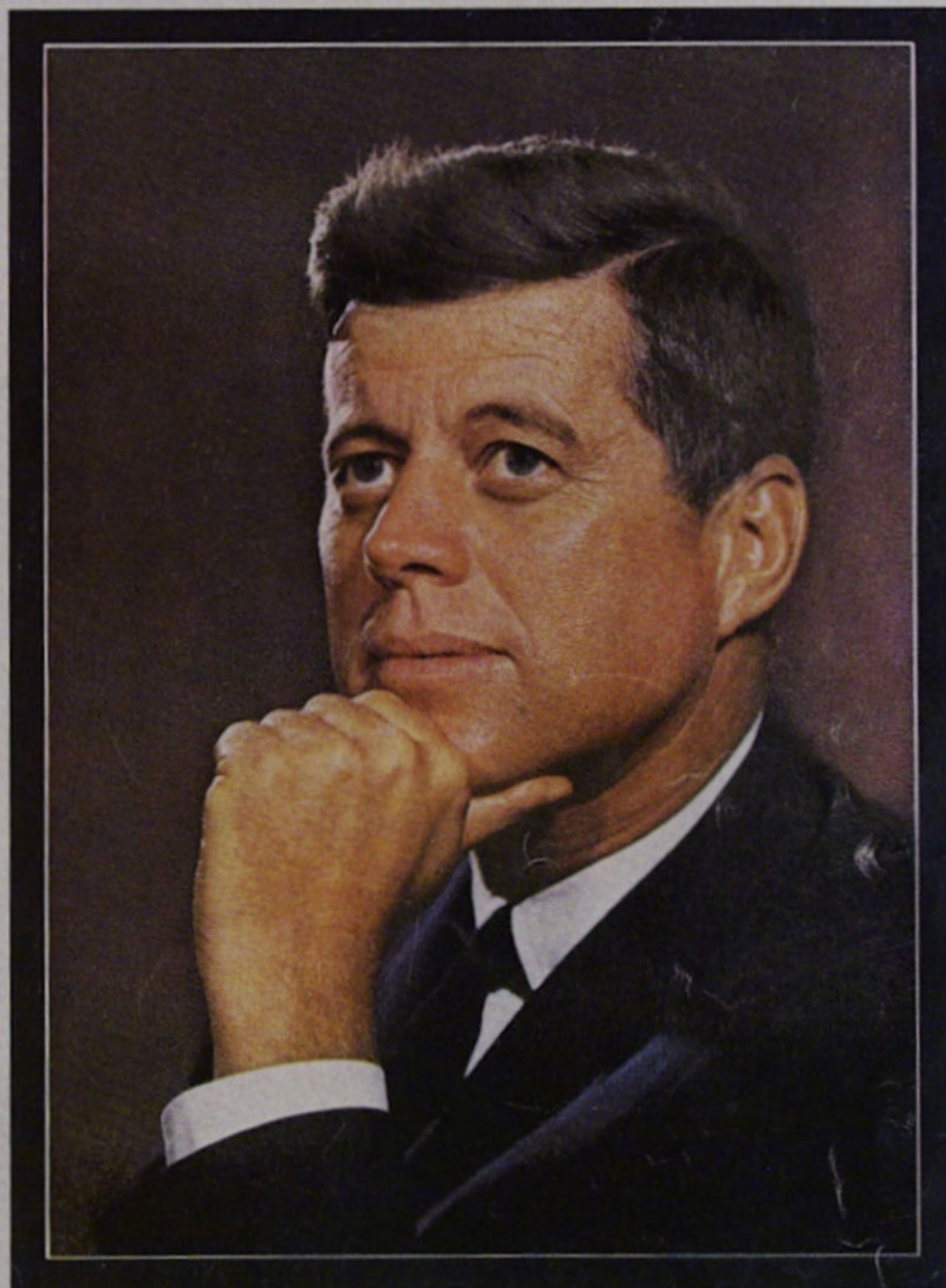


SCANS BY L. A. S.



LIFE

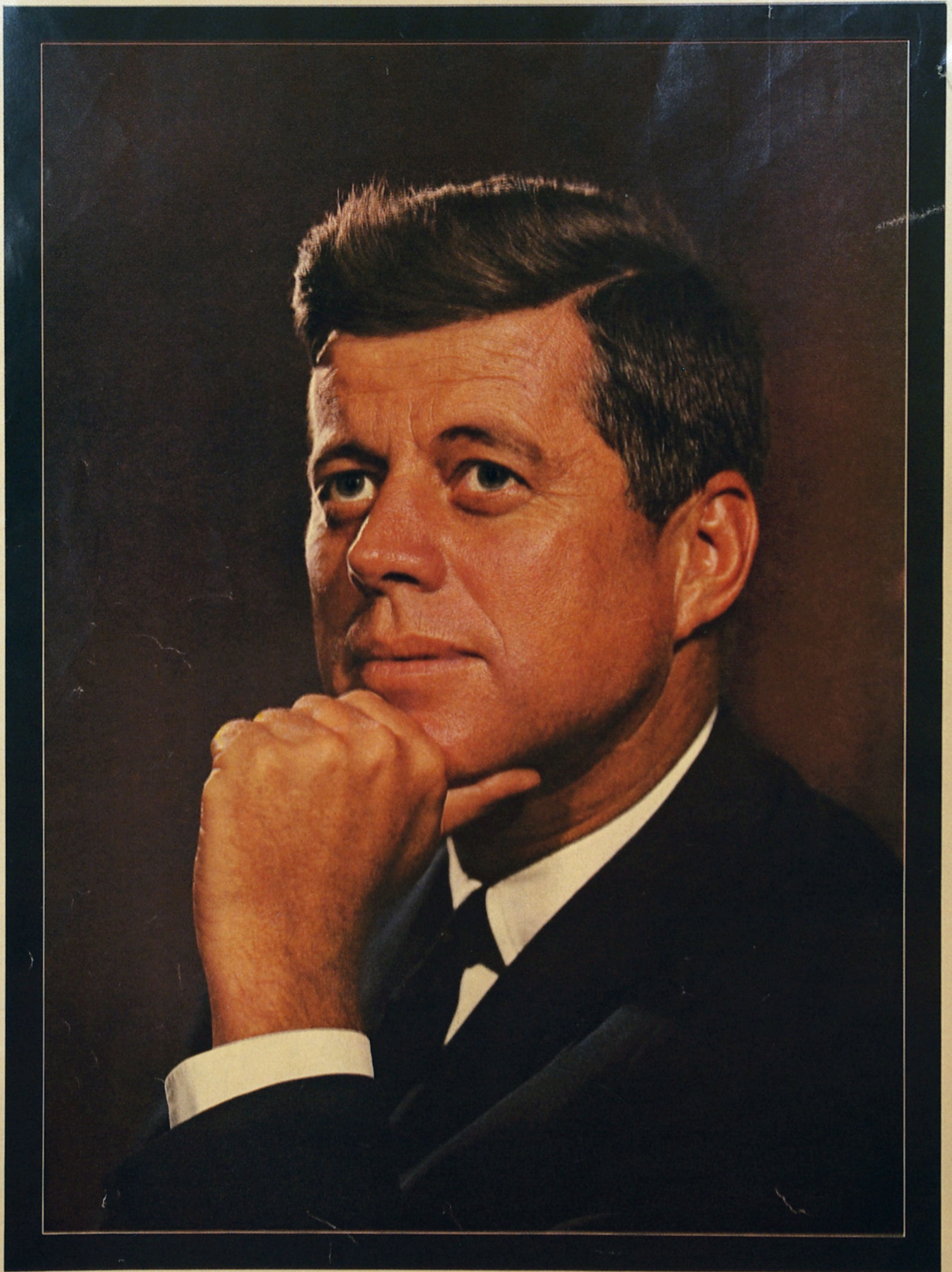


All of LIFE's
Pictures and Text
on the Most Shocking
Event of Our Time

JOHN F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL EDITION

Including His Biography
and His Most Enduring Words

50¢



PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY
1917 – 1963



It is all over now. The frightful moment has passed and what unfolded before the eyes of a nation has begun—such is nature's mercy—to recede. But stark images still crowd the mind. We remember the smiling young couple, and a bunch of red roses; then—the monstrous act itself; and then—a flag-decked caisson, bowed heads, a lovely widow's moving gestures, a new President's resolute face, an assassin's ironic end and a little son's salute. Yet even these memories, like those of every previous national tragedy,

would eventually fade into the dry pages of history, were it not for the camera's eye that recorded with immediacy and color the events of those 72 hours. And with this record, future generations shall also become privileged witnesses to the actual event, to be present and shaken and reawakened as we were.

We have devoted this edition to the memory of John F. Kennedy so that in days to come men and women may open these pages before their children and say this is how it was.

The President's Empty Chair

Seeing the President was, under Jack Kennedy, a relaxed visit. You might have had to wait around for a while in the anteroom or in his secretary's office (she was a friendly middle-aged lady with rimless spectacles), but eventually you were invited in. When this happened you got up from a simple straight-backed chair with a black-cushioned seat and walked into the Oval Office. Immediately you were conscious of the blue rug, the desk with light streaming in from the broad windows behind it, the naval paintings on the walls, the fireplace flanked on both sides by deep sofas upholstered in white. At the end of the sofas and facing the fireplace, with a wicker back and a seat with a cushion matching the sofas, stood the rocking chair.

The President's handshake was neither too hard nor too soft. It was gracious. He sat in the rocking chair and you sat on the sofa looking at him from the side. He was carefully but somewhat informally dressed, trousers sharply pressed and well-worn shoes well shined. His face had an everlasting tan, and he looked at you with head slightly cocked back and gray eyes glinting at you with an expression that combined interest, amusement and mischief.

President Kennedy was fascinated by the press. He played it quite frankly to enhance himself and his Administration. He read avidly and quickly and had a journalist's antennae out for the public pulse. So it was natural for him to ask me right away about LIFE's Nielsen rating. I didn't have the vaguest idea what it was, but he did—to the finest percentage point.

The subject changed quickly. A week before he had had his altercation with U.S. Steel. This got his anger up. The pointing finger waggled again and again to punctuate each point. He even picked up a magazine (not LIFE) and, to emphasize a point further, flung it across the room. It smacked against the wall, under a painting of a naval battle, and fell to the floor.

Then, in another mood, the President got up from his rocking chair and took me out through the French doors to his rose garden, of which he was very proud. The roses were not in bloom, but the tulips were blazing. He said that the gardens were a mess when he came to live in the White House. Now, it was true, they were beautiful. As the man talked you felt that he loved his garden, just as you knew, had you raced sailboats against him, that he loved the sea and that he loved to win a race.

All of us are sad that he is dead. I am particularly sad. I liked him as a man. He was a fine President. It is hard for me to forget one slight incident—one that revealed to me the guts he had. I knew, as we all did, that his back hurt. But I didn't realize how much until he took me over to a corner of his outer office to show me a hunting rifle he was going to present to a visiting head of state. It was in a brown cardboard carton standing in the corner. Bending over slightly, the President took apart the side of the carton and sidled the weapon out, holding the muzzle and sliding the butt across the floor. It weighed nine pounds, he said, but he couldn't even lift it. He asked me to help him and I did.

GEORGE P. HUNT *Managing Editor*

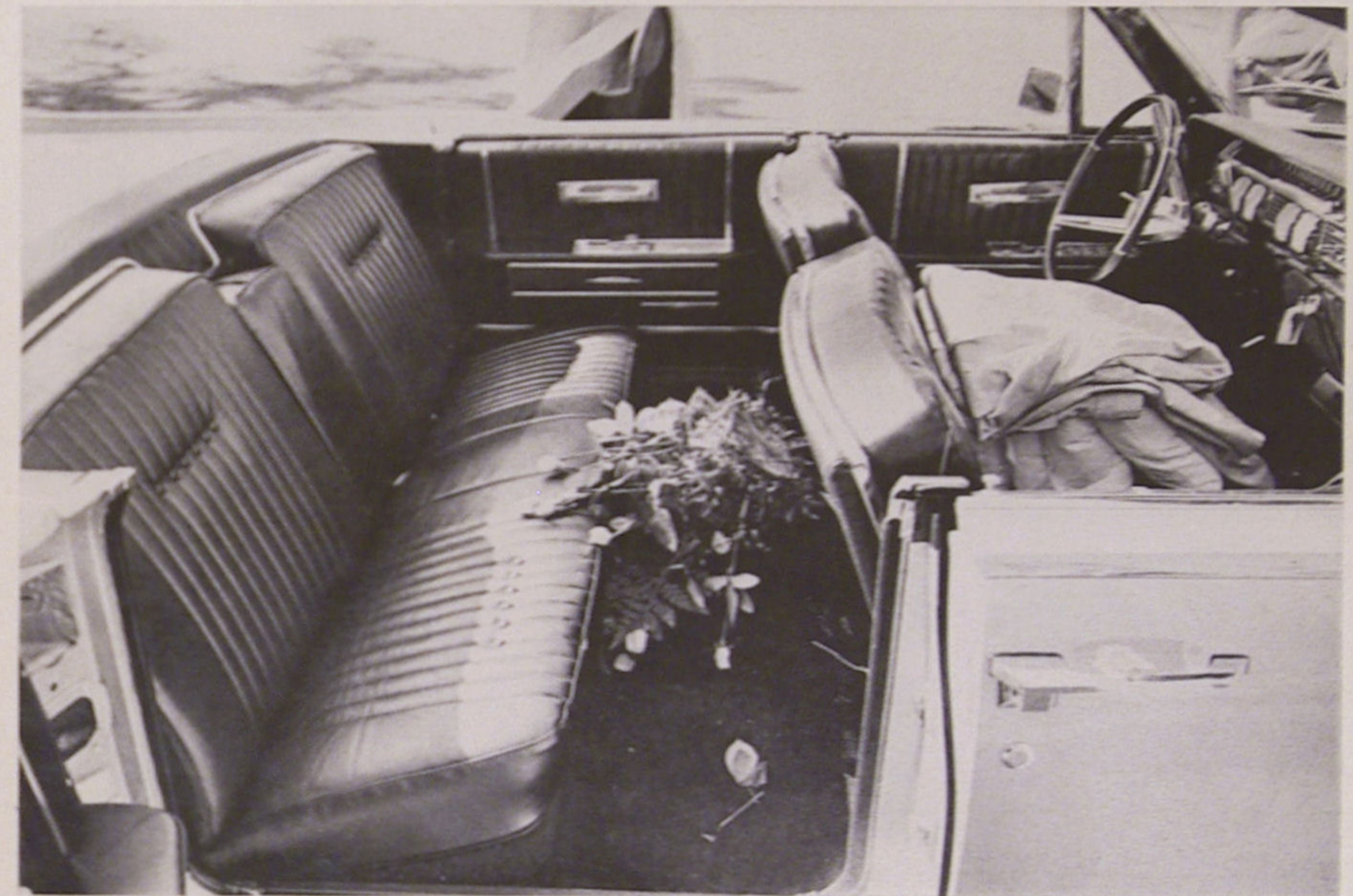
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Many photographers and agencies contributed to this Memorial Edition, among them: Noel Clark, Henri Dauman, Yousuf Karsh, Arthur Rickerby, Paul Schutzer, Mark Shaw, George Silk, Fred Ward, Stan Wayman; Eddy Posthuma de Boer, Michael O'Connor,

Marvin Schwartz, Capt. Cecil Stoughton; A.P., Berlin-Bild, Black Star, Fox Photos, Italy's News Photos, Pictorial, Publifoto, Roma's Press, Topix, U.P.I. To these, and the many others whose photographs appear here, the Editors of LIFE express deep gratitude.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY

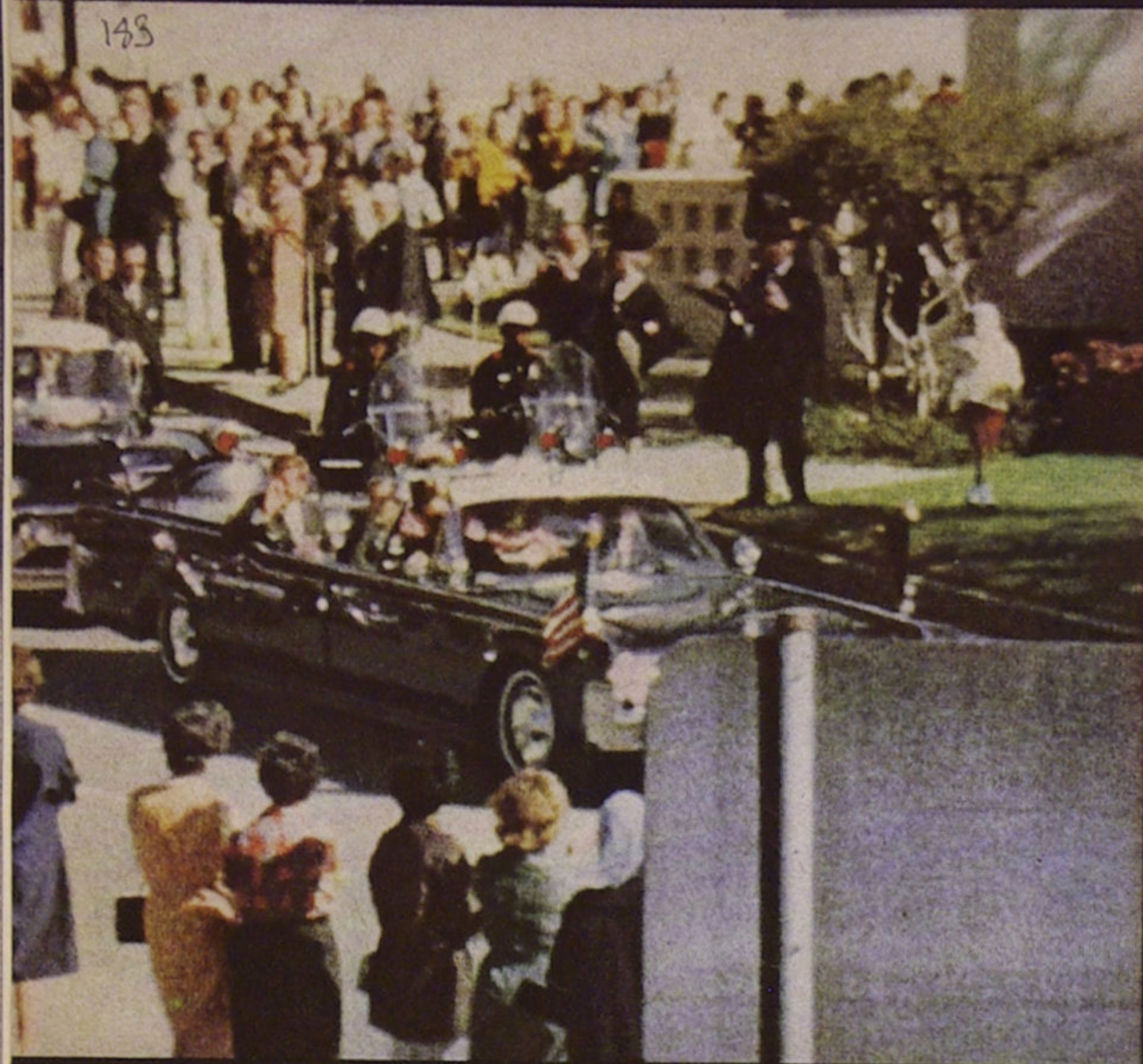


Now in the sunny freshness of a Texas morning, with roses in her arms and a luminous smile on her lips, Jacqueline Kennedy still had one hour to share the buoyant surge of life with the man at her side.

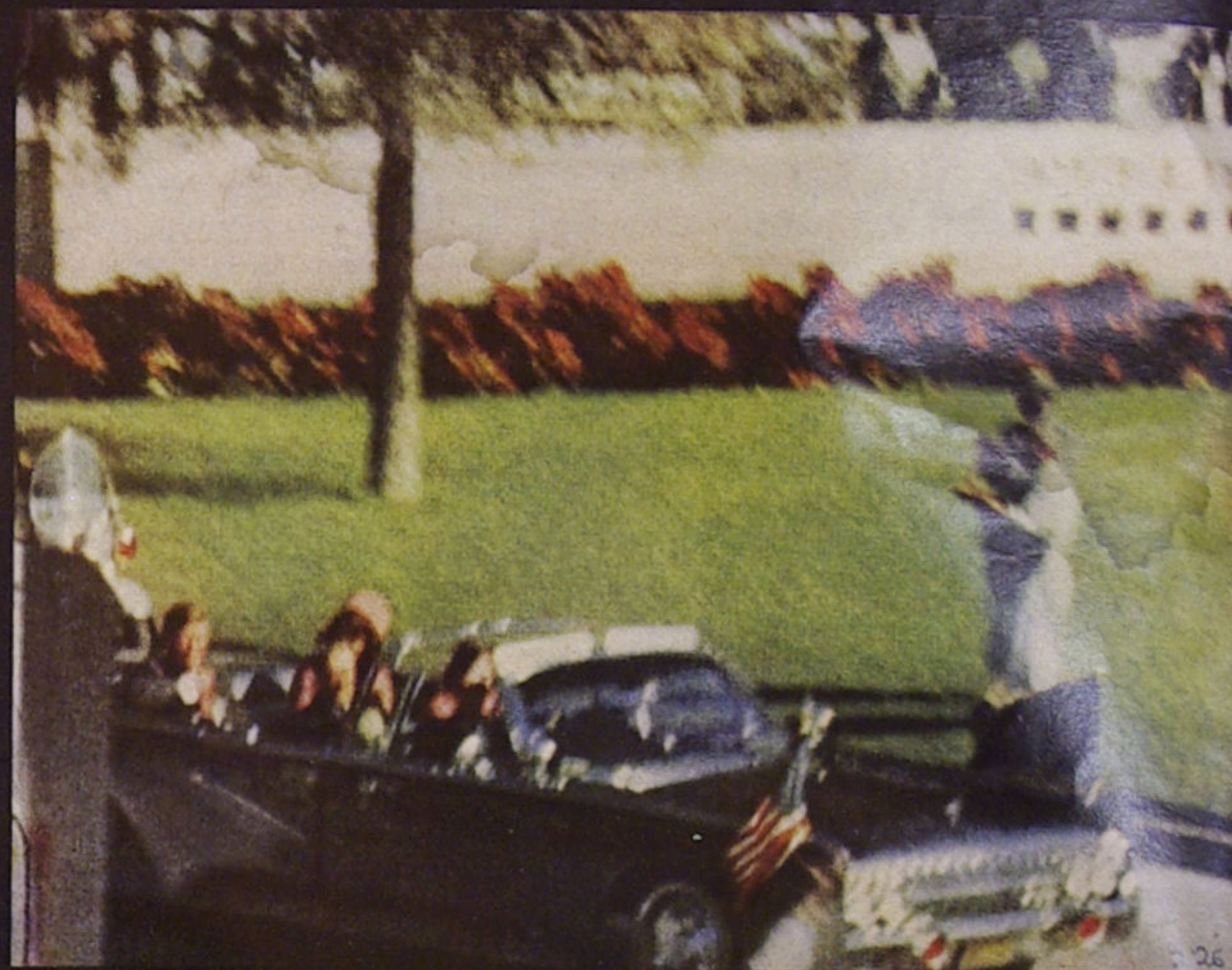
It was a wonderful hour. Vibrant with confidence, crinkle-eyed with an all-embracing smile, John F. Kennedy swept his wife with him into the exuberance of the throng at Dallas' Love Field. This was an act in which Jack Kennedy was superbly human. Responding to the warmth his own genuine warmth evoked in others, he met his welcomers joyously, hand to

hand and heart to heart. For him this was all fun as well as politics. For his shy wife, surmounting the grief of her infant son's recent death, this mingling demanded a grace and gallantry she soon would need again.

Then the cavalcade, fragrantly laden with roses for everyone, started into town. Eight miles on the way, in a sixth-floor window, the assassin waited. All the roses, like those here abandoned in Vice President Johnson's car, were left to wilt. They would be long faded before a stunned nation would fully comprehend its sorrow.



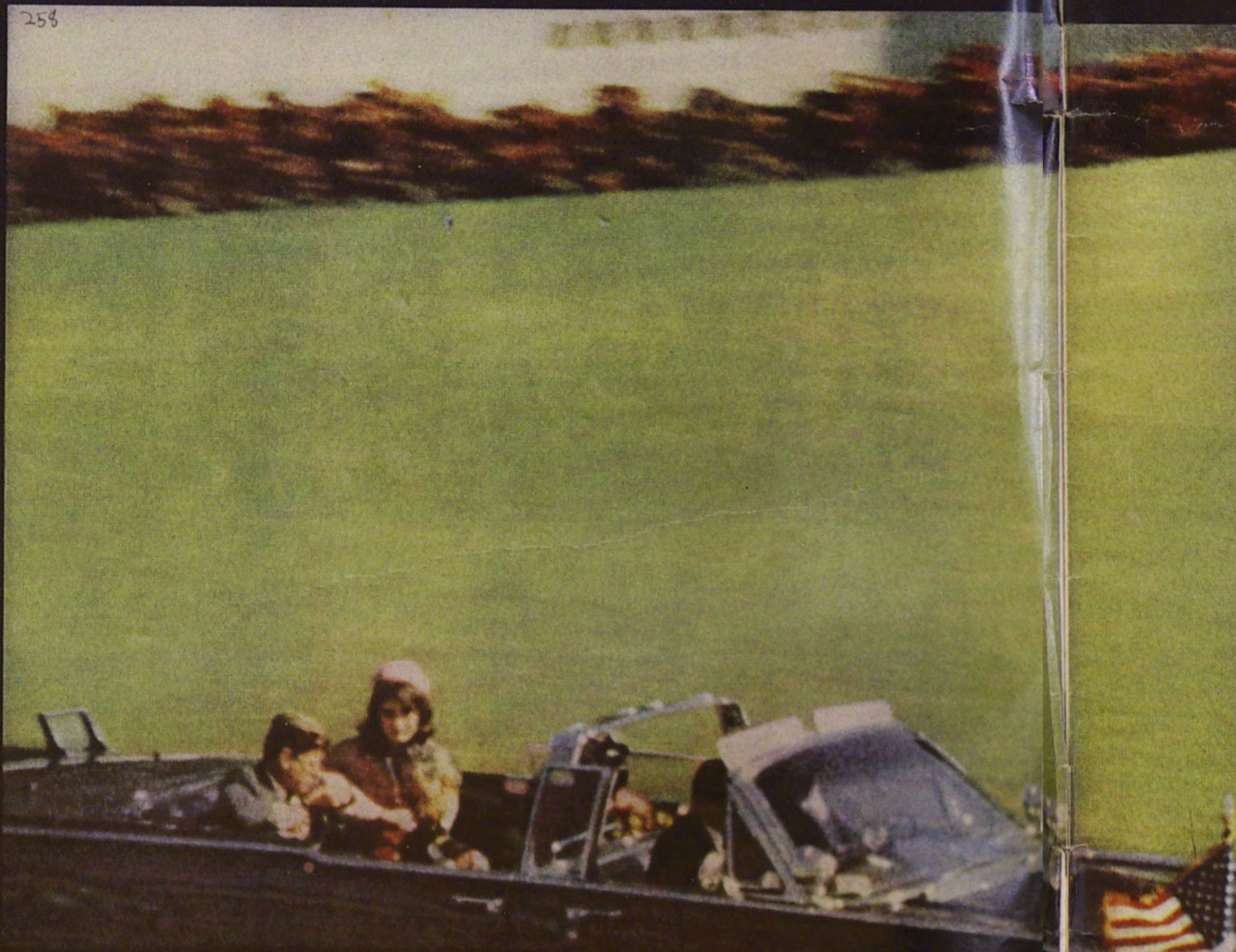
SPLIT-SECOND HORROR



FIRST TWO SHOTS. Past the book warehouse the President turned to his right to wave to someone (1). Just as his car passed behind the road sign shown in the foreground the first bullet struck him in the neck. He clutched at his throat (2). Although some onlookers heard the shot, Governor Connally still faced ahead, unaware (3).

1

2



STRICKEN. With the first bullet still lodged in him, the President slumped forward in his seat and down toward his wife (4). At the same time the second shot struck Governor Connally. Mrs. Kennedy reached out toward the President to try to help. His head rested nearly against her shoulder (5). Then the assassin fired a third time.

4

AS THE SNIPER'S BULLETS STRUCK



3

The sequence of events in the killing of the President and the wounding of Governor Connally is recorded for history with appalling clarity in the color photographs printed on these and the two following pages. A Dallas clothing manufacturer had found a point of vantage on a slight slope along the route of the Kennedy motorcade to take pictures with his 8mm home movie camera; it is from his film that these pictures are taken. The presidential caravan had just passed through friendly crowds in the downtown section of Dallas and made a sharp left turn at the corner of Elm and Houston Streets, where the road heads down an incline toward an underpass. First, as usual, came the police motorcycle escort, then the big black Lincoln carrying President and Mrs. Kennedy and Texas Governor John Connally and his wife. The crowds were thinner at this point, but the Kennedys were smiling and waving as their car passed the big Texas School Book Depository. From the window of the building Lee Harvey Oswald, aiming his carbine, tracked the presidential car in the cross hairs of his telescopic sight. Then, Oswald fired three times.



5

6



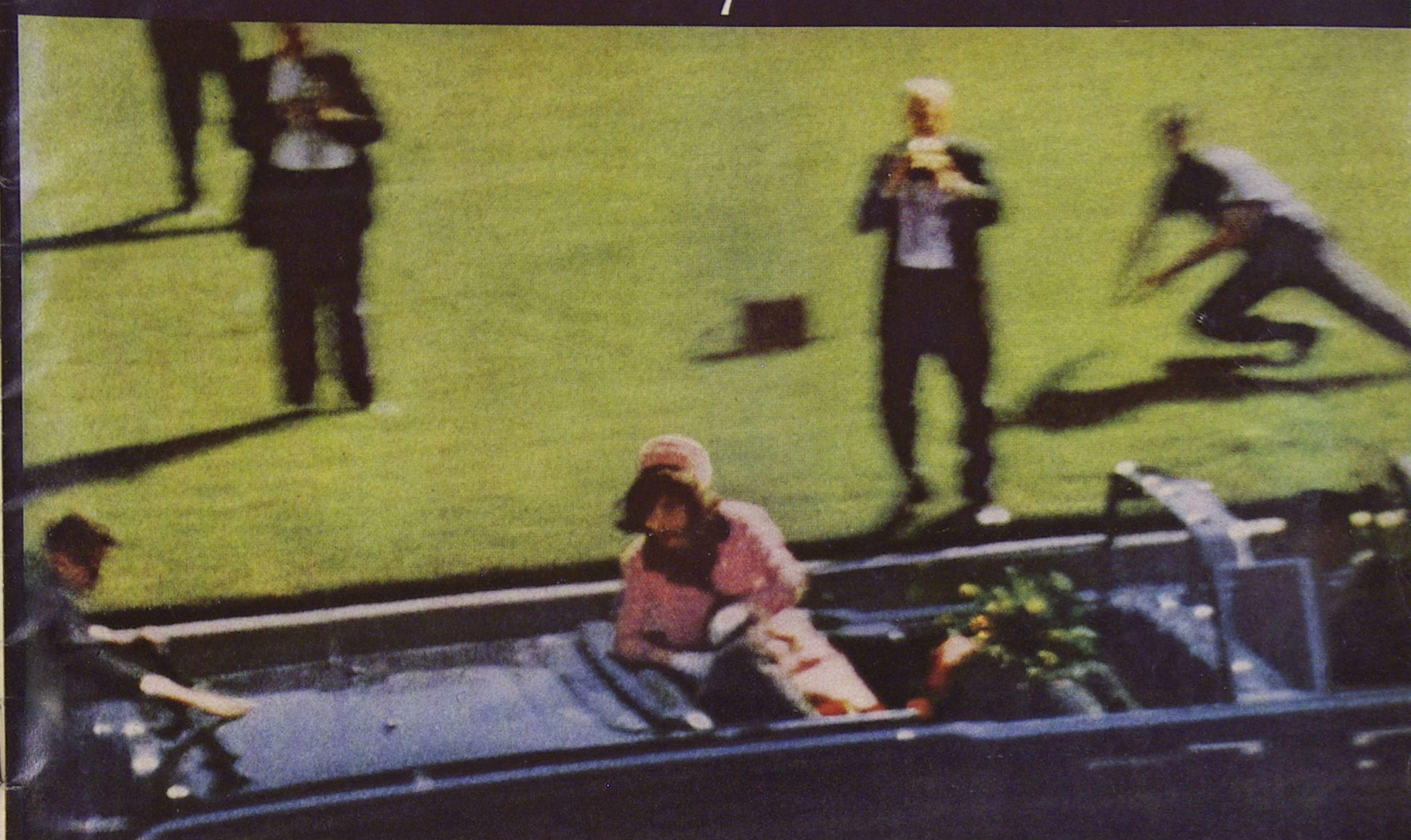
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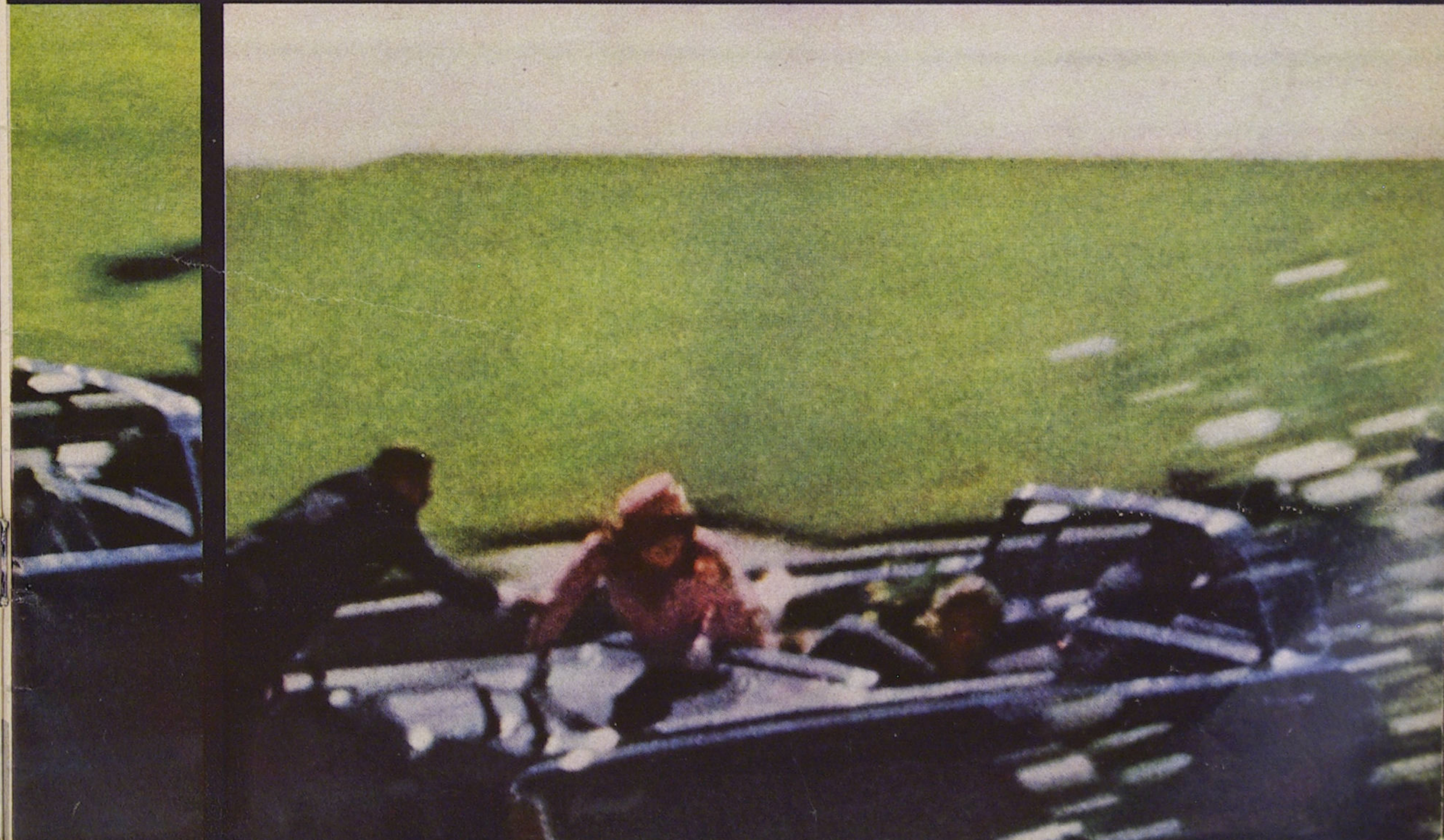
THIRD SHOT. Oswald's last bullet, fired at a range of more than 250 feet about two seconds after the shot which hit the governor, struck the President in the rear right part of his head (6). Mrs. Kennedy, only a few inches from being hit herself, shouted, "Oh no! Oh no!" and climbed toward the big rear deck of the Lincoln, desperately seeking help (7).

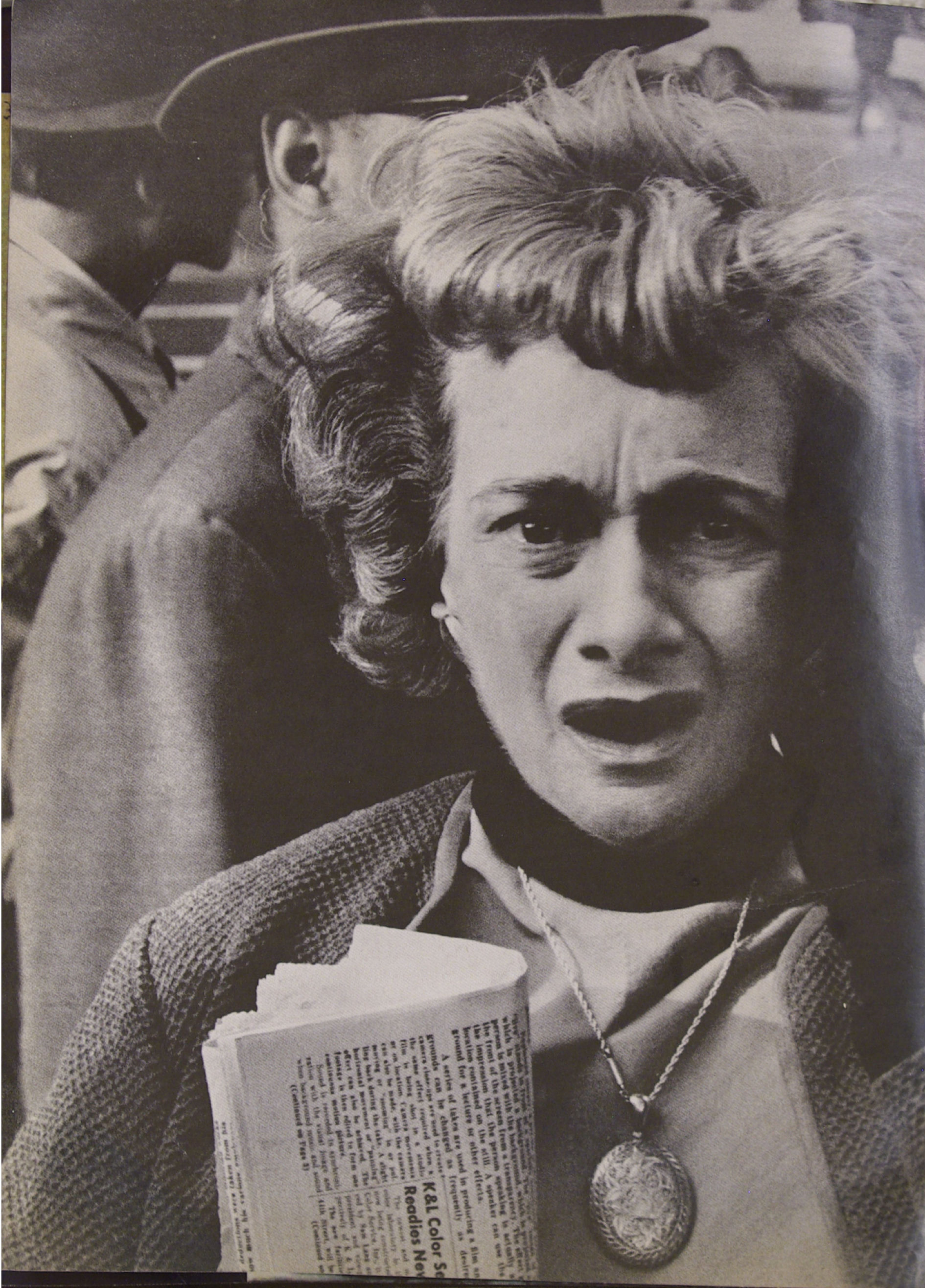
AID. Secret Service agent Clinton Hill jumped from the following car and rushed to catch the presidential car. As Mrs. Kennedy moved toward him he grabbed a handle and put a foot on the bumper (8). Mrs. Kennedy reached toward him as he climbed aboard (9), and the car sped toward the hospital, bearing the wounded governor—and the dead President.

7



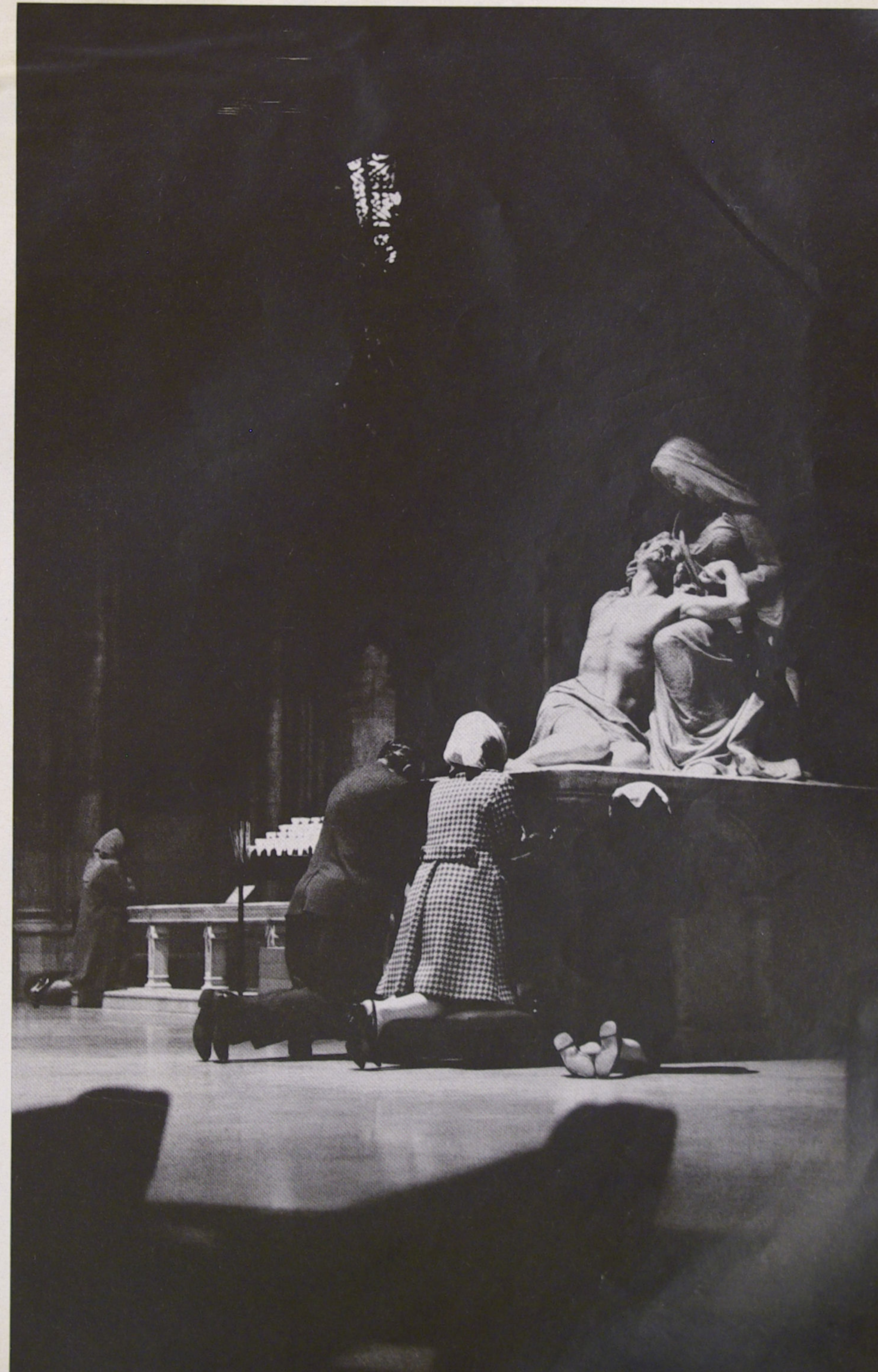
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THE SHOCK. The news came like a clap of thunder, reverberating around the world. In New York, at the moment she heard it, a woman recoils with universal dismay and disbelief.

THE SOLACE. Before a *Pietà* in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, and in churches everywhere, people fall to their knees and, seeking some solace, pray for the dead President.



'I ASK YOUR HELP— AND GOD'S'

The words of the oath hauntingly echoed that sparkling and festive Inauguration Day which all three had attended 35 months before. In the cramped compartment of the presidential plane, Air Force One, the new First Lady and the

widowed one listened in the privacy of their thoughts. With his right hand raised and his left upon a Bible, Lyndon Baines Johnson became the 36th President of the United States. Then he turned quietly and said, "Okay. Let's get

this plane back to Washington."

Only two hours earlier, Johnson had been riding through Dallas two cars behind the limousine carrying President Kennedy. Then came the shots, and the motorcade

speeded to Parkland Memorial Hospital. There the Secret Service closed in on Lyndon Johnson, and he walked into the hospital. When he came out some minutes later he was in fact the unsworn President. From the hospital he was rushed to the presidential plane at Love

Field. After Jacqueline Kennedy and her husband's casket had come aboard, the swearing-in took place.

Two hours and 21 minutes later, the plane landed at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. The new President and his lady

stepped forward to the waiting microphones. "I will do my best," he said. "That is all I can do. I ask for your help—and God's." Then Johnson went to the White House, where John Kennedy's Oval Office would soon be emptied for him.



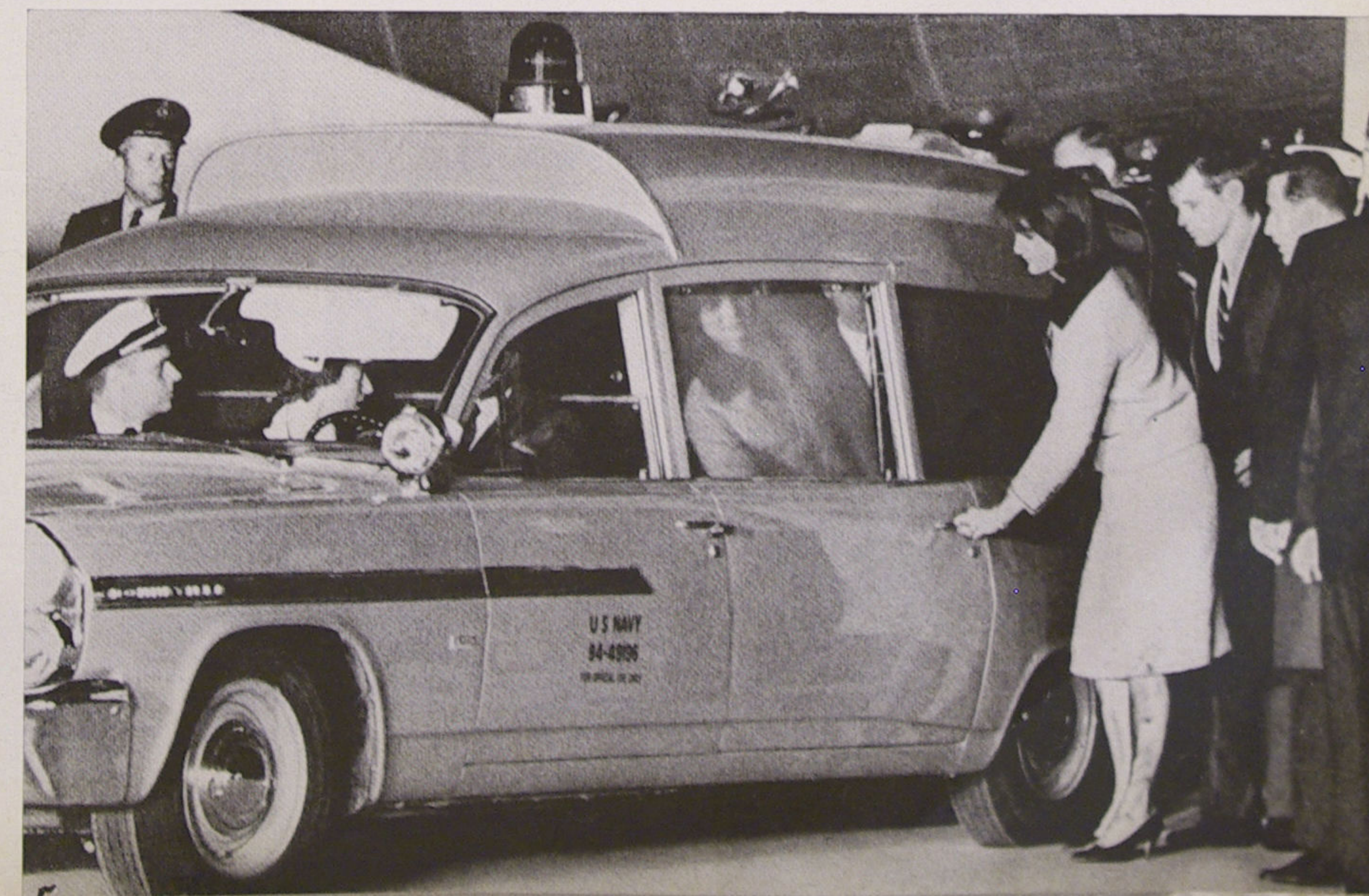
TAKING OATH. Inside presidential aircraft before taking off from Dallas, flanked by Mrs. Kennedy (right) and wife Lady Bird, Johnson is sworn in by Judge Sarah Hughes (left).

FIRST DECLARATION. With his wife Lady Bird after arrival at airport near Washington, President Johnson humbly declares his grief and asks for the nation's sympathy and help.



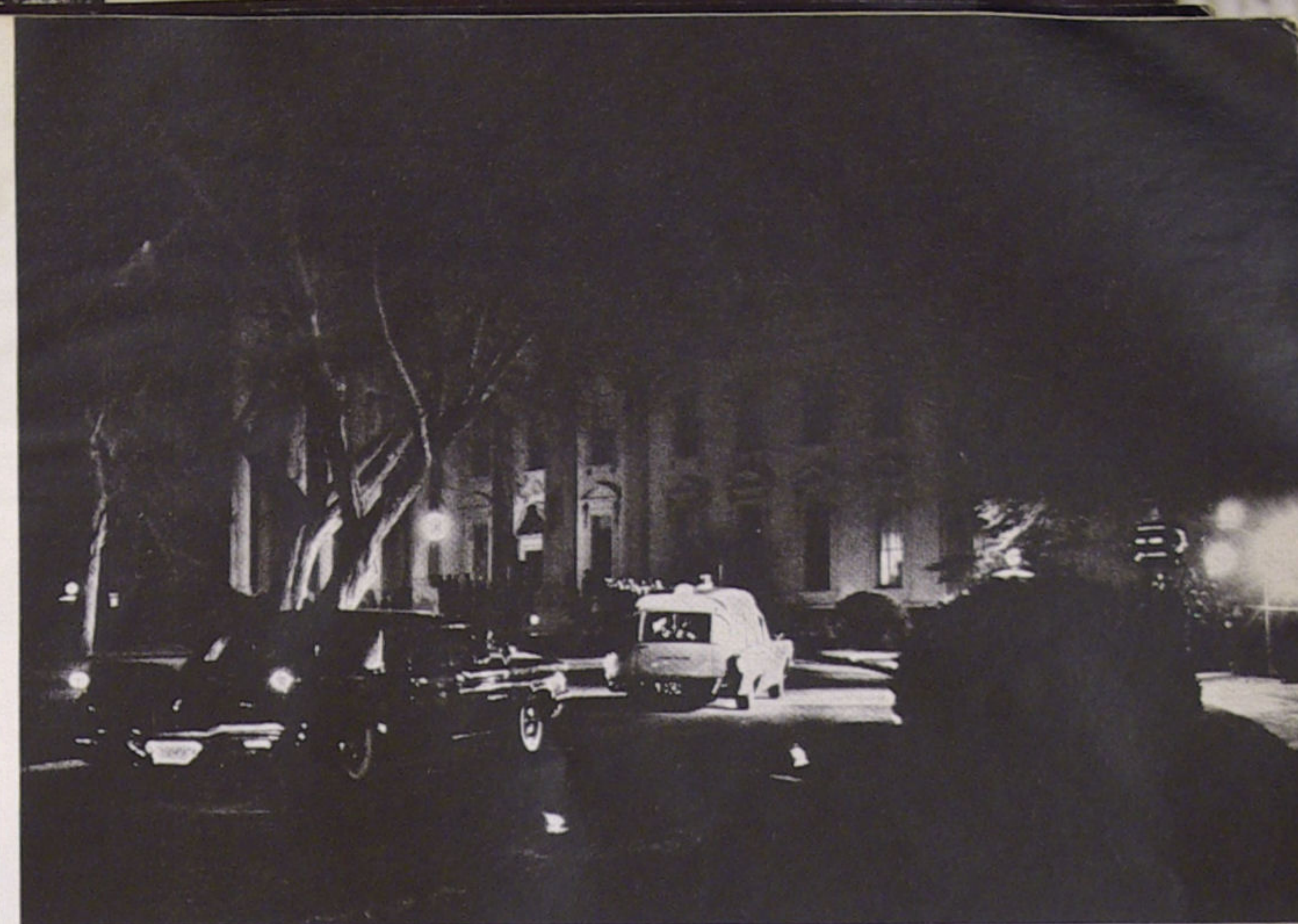
**SHE SAID
GOODBY
WITH A
KISS AND
A RING**

Jacqueline Kennedy was sitting beside her husband when he was shot. She held him in her arms in the desperate dash to the hospital. She was with him when they put his body in the casket in Dallas, and there she said farewell with a kiss and slipped the wedding band from her own finger onto his. Her hand lightly touched the casket as it was carried to an ambulance in Dallas, and she refused to leave it even long enough to alight from the presidential plane in Washington by the passenger ramp. Instead she stayed with it on the cargo lift which lowered the casket to the ground, and jumped down herself, hand in hand with Attorney General Robert Kennedy, to ride with it to Bethesda Naval Hospital and back at last to the White House. Never, in that long, long afternoon and night, did she leave him, even to change the blood-stained suit she wore away from Dallas.





HUSH AT THE HOSPITAL. Awaiting the body of the late President outside Bethesda Naval Hospital, enlisted men stand silently (*above*). Inside, a guard of honor waits (*below*) while the body is prepared for burial.



IN SOMBER HONOR HIS BODY

RETURNED TO THE WHITE HOUSE

FLARES IN THE NIGHT. As an ambulance brings the body to the White House (*above*), mourning citizens stand in silhouette outside (*left*) and a Marine honor guard marches to position. It is 4:22 a.m., November 23.





GRIEVING DUTCH. Two girls hover over a newspaper on an Amsterdam street. In most of the world's capitals people stopped whatever they were doing and hurried to get more news.



WHITE HOUSE REPOSE. In the East Room of the executive mansion, an honor guard watches over John Kennedy's body as White House staff members (*right*) pass in homage.



SHAKEN FRENCH. A young Parisian claps a hand to his face as others discuss news with agitated policeman. In London, the great bell of Westminster Abbey tolled for an hour—a thing normally never done for anyone but the dead of the royal family.



GRIEF HIT THE BIG AND THE SMALL

CABINET'S HOMECOMING. Half-way around the world, en route to Japan, Cabinet members got the news, and ordered the plane to turn around over the Pacific and speed to Washington. This historic picture shows their arrival, stunned and grief-stricken. From right, they are Secretaries Hodges, Udall, Rusk, Dillon and Freeman. At far left is White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger.

ONE WISHED FOR A CRY, A SOB

No bugler sounded taps, no drum beat its ruffle, no band pealed *Hail to the Chief* as John F. Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, returned for the last time to Washington, the city where he practiced the magic art of leadership.

It was 17 years ago he came here from Boston; and, in the years since, his arrivals and departures came to punctuate the telling of American history. When he arrived, the door would open and the lithe figure would come out to give that graceful wave of the arm which became the most familiar flourish in American politics. There would follow then the burst of applause, the shouts and yells, the oohs and ahs as he tripped down the stairs with that light, graceful step which was his style.

But he came this time in silence.

The faint shrill of distant jets, the sputter and cough of belly-lighted helicopters carrying the men of power from Washington to the field, the subdued conversation, all made the silence larger. It was moist and chilly and the twilight bars of pink had just given way to a quarter moon hung with mists when Air Force No. 1, the presidential jet, silently rolled up the runway from the south. The pilot in his cockpit must have sensed the hush—so skillfully had he stilled the motors, so surprisingly did the plane appear in the total glare of the lights and soundlessly come to a stop. It was 6:03 p.m.

One wished for a cry, a sob, a wail, any human sound. But the plane, white with long blue flashings, rested under the punishment of the light—sealed and silent. A great cargo lift—glistening yellow on the outside, dazzling white on the inside, framed with lights of red and white—rolled as far as the plane, and paused. A door opened in the rear of the plane; a man appeared and, for a moment, it was as it always had been: Larry O'Brien's round face peered out first. But O'Brien stooped down and, as he moved, lifted something. For the first time the ugly glint of the dark, red-bronze box showed. Behind O'Brien was Dave Powers; and then Kenny O'Donnell. These men had followed him from Boston to Washington and across the land, carrying his papers, his coats, his briefcase. This time, in last service, they carried the President himself.

They set the coffin down gently on the floor of the room-sized lift. It jounced, then steadied, then began to settle to the ground quietly with its burden and those from the plane who accompanied it. An honor guard of six reached out their hands to receive the coffin. The bearers bent to hand it down to them; it shook in the passing over and O'Brien's hand, almost caressing, reached out as if to steady a fragile thing or a tumbling child; then, not being needed any more, the hand fluttered uselessly in the air.

There was, still, no voice audible except those of the broadcasters pattering as quietly as possible into their microphones. The silhouettes at the edge of the lift, cut sharp by the light, parted; and a slender woman in a rose-colored suit with dark facing appeared, then hovered at the lip of the low platform. Bobby Kennedy was there, lifting up his arms to help her down, then guiding her into the gray service ambulance with the red dome light—steady, not winking. Mrs. Kennedy's

hand tried to open the ambulance door and fell limply as Bobby leaned forward, opened the door, guided her in. Then, silently, the ambulance rolled on to the north and was gone.

One watched and knew the nation was watching; and behind the lights watched the true government of the United States. There they stood, the young and old—McNamara of Defense, his jaw tight, his jaw muscles flexing; Harriman of State, tall and grim and gaunt, the last man in Washington to carry his greatness vigorously on from the New Deal through the wars to the New Frontier; George Ball of State, Postmaster John Gronouski, Anthony Celebrezze of the Cabinet, Franklin Roosevelt Jr. of Commerce. There were the grizzled leaders of Congress—Hubert Humphrey, eyes red with weeping; Mike Mansfield and Everett Dirksen, looking worn and weighted by years. And apart, on the apron, the others—the younger men: Ted Sorensen, white of face and unapproachably solitary; Ralph Dungan and Arthur Schlesinger, bleak and somber; McGeorge Bundy, pale and contained as usual; Fred Holborn; others.

Heads bowed, the shock covering them all, they watched the gray ambulance go. Lyndon Baines Johnson and his wife emerged and quietly, with a minimum of words, selected three among the many men who gathered around him: McNamara of Defense, Ball of State, Bundy of the White House staff. The three joined the new President and his lady, and the waiting helicopter lifted them all from the field, its red lights at the rotor staff winking as it lurched its way through the sky toward the White House.

John F. Kennedy loved the noble art of politics, which is the government of men; and he would have understood that now, while his body still lay in the Bethesda Naval Hospital, where his wife and brother sat vigil, the men of Washington could not help but talk of the government of the country, of those who would carry on—which ones would the new President use, which dismiss. For there are two parts to government: the machinery, and the individuals who sit at the levers of machinery.

The machinery in Washington functioned with marvelous efficiency. By noon Saturday, less than 24 hours from the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the White House had begun to change. On Thursday, the White House staff had seized Kennedy's absence to do over again the curtains, rugs and decorations of his office; by early afternoon Friday they had finished and, even as news of his assassination came, the staff was moving furniture back where it belonged.

Saturday morning, starting at 9 a.m., all the furniture of John F. Kennedy was moved out—the desk, the paintings, the decorations, his rocking chair—leaving it as bare as when he entered, except for the two white opposing sofas by the fireplace.

Three years ago this very month, John F. Kennedy gathered his band of Bostonians in his brother's home at the compound in Hyannis Port to make a government. On the night of the assassination, at his tapestried French chateau in Spring Valley, Washington, President Lyndon Johnson gathered the

...ANY HUMAN SOUND

by THEODORE H. WHITE

Southerners and Texans of his own inner circle. And by morning it was clear that Johnson meant as certainly to govern with his own men in the White House as had John Kennedy. Johnson's personal staff has always been far smaller, never so emotionally fused to an incandescent chief as Kennedy's staff was. But by Saturday morning George Reedy, Johnson's spokesman, and Walter Jenkins, his chief administrative officer, and Bill Moyers, a bright young man from the Peace Corps, were installed as the first element of a new palace guard.

Meanwhile, in the outer White House lobby, grim men came and departed. Some wept openly. Beyond, in an inner office, one who had followed John F. Kennedy from the beginning looked out over great windows which showed Washington in the rain and said: "I'm here because I loved John F. Kennedy, not because I'm a Democrat. We served this man, we talked his language, we thought his thoughts. It was his magnetism, his ability, his brain that drew this remarkable group of men together. Lyndon is a man of different background, different abilities, and it's damned hard to shift. But I didn't spend 10 years of my life trying to do what's been done and let it all be wiped out with one shot by some nut in Dallas. Whether it's five weeks or five years, I'm going to go on here trying as hard as I can to help."

In the crowded lobby of the White House, moist with damp raincoats and crowded with sleepless men and women, the talk is mostly of people. But beyond the lobby, in the red brick homes of Georgetown, there is other, more considered talk—talk of the future, near and far.

Yesterday's unhappy Vice President, whose first love was Congress, is now President. The area of Kennedy's greatest problem—the deadlock over domestic policy—is the area of Johnson's greatest strength. In the minute chronicling of the new President's every move, the city noticed at once that Johnson called together first, in the early hours of his Administration, the leaders of Congress—not the executive branch. It is with these men that Johnson will seek to accomplish his own vision of the nation's future.

The most consistent theme of talk was of Johnson in relation to the outer world. Said one man who has sat with Johnson: "At Cabinet meetings he was silent, cautious, always taking notes. In foreign affairs, when he speaks, he speaks usually on the hard-nose side." Said another: "Johnson was one of only two men who sat with the President on every single decision-making session of this government—Cabinet meetings, Security Council meetings, executive committee meetings, congressional meetings, press conference meetings. He is the most prepared President we have ever had."

Johnson certainly was in a position to share Kennedy's vision of the American future. Yet the two were men who differed in pace, in timing, in taste, in attitude. On the night of Kennedy's death, Averell Harriman sat in his study and reminisced, out of that enormous memory which reaches back to the earliest days of Franklin Roosevelt. He remembered Roosevelt as a supple man, a man who enjoyed guiding his purposes and programs through the labyrinth of Congress, playing the game of persuasion. But Kennedy was different, thought Harriman. He met his Congress head on; he locked with it; he pointed to the purposes of requested legislation

and his fights with Congress were, as a consequence, clear.

Harriman's thought catches better than any other the true legacy of the Kennedy administration—the realization that this is a changing country in a changing world, and the job of the President is to force the country to recognize and face these changes. Historians will argue for a generation about the seminal legislation and proposals of the Kennedy administration; but no man in Washington who knew John Fitzgerald Kennedy well thinks that his style soon will be matched.

On Saturday afternoon the gushing fall skies outside the East Room of the White House made the light inside this greatest chamber of the mansion gray. The tiny golden bulbs of the great chandeliers had been dimmed to faintest candlepower; and there, in the half-darkness, rose the immense hulk of a sarcophagus draped with the American flag. One filed by and, for a long moment, one lingered—grief all but overpowered by the rage of frustration for all that had been only begun, and for all that was now unfulfilled promise.

One mourned for the remarkable, astringent candor so rare in public men. One thought of the night in the airplane over the skies of Montana when Kennedy, about to challenge the Democratic convention in Los Angeles for its nomination, was asked: who would the Democrats' best presidential candidate be if it could not be he himself—and he said, flatly: Lyndon B. Johnson—the man with whom he was about to duel.

One mourned for the gaiety, the elegance, the graces he and his lady had brought into this house.

One mourned for a man about whom historians may long debate, arguing whether the courage shown in the confrontations with Russia was less or more memorable than the compassion shown in introducing to the American Congress its first legislation to care for the ills of age, the troubles of youth, the hopelessness of the unskilled, the humiliation of its darker citizens.

One mourned because it was so still in this room. For this was a man of gallantry and of action, of motion and of the trumpet.

For, of all the many miles that this reporter followed John F. Kennedy on his long marches back and forth across this country, remembered best is the sound of the voice—that wonderfully clear voice so often tinged at once with sadness and the glee of combat, the voice which one night described best, for his time and his successor, the office and function of the presidency.

It was Election eve, the night before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of 1960, and he had come home to Boston and was speaking at the Boston Garden when, suddenly, he extended his hand, pointed the long forefinger in summons and said, "I run for the presidency of the United States because it is the center of action and, in a free society, the chief responsibility of the President is to set before the American people the unfinished business of our country."

This was the essence of his presidency.

A Kennedy picture biography and a selection from his writings and speeches

HIS ENDURING IMAGES AND WORDS



His 46 years, so brief but so portentous, were vastly varied and energetic. They carried John Kennedy from the small problems of a freckle-faced boyhood—such as running second to an exuberant, outgoing big brother—to the huge problems of the presidency, which ran second to nothing. He started up the conventional paths open to a member of a wealthy family—private schools, Harvard, and education in England. But almost from the start there were clues that he would crack the confines of conventional upbringing.

At 23 he turned his college thesis into a provocative book, *Why England Slept*, which helped awaken the U.S. to the imminence of world war. At 26 he was a war hero in a special kind of small-boat war that made ordinary heroism commonplace. A freshman senator at 35, he showed an unfreshmanlike concern with the world outside his constituency. And at 43 he was the youngest man ever elected President, spokesman of a new generation. As he grew, the camera recorded the vigor that impelled him, and his words (a selection is on these pages) revealed his wit and the power of his mind and spirit.

"We are reading *Ivanhoe* in English, and though I may not be able to remember material things such as tickets, gloves and so on I can remember things like *Ivanhoe*."

LETTER HOME FROM
SCHOOL, 1930

"It might be said now that I have the best of both worlds."

A Harvard education and a Yale degree.

ON RECEIVING
A YALE HONORARY DEGREE, 1962

"Democracies which are fundamentally peaceful have to receive external stimuli to force them to re-arm. They do not have a long-range point of view. The dictatorship, with its long-range policy, can always keep ahead of a democracy."

FROM
"WHY ENGLAND SLEPT," 1940

"The folks sent me a clipping of you taking the oath. The sight of you up there was really moving, particularly as a close examination showed that you had my checked London coat on. I'd like to know what the hell I'm doing out here while you go stroking around in my drapery coat, but I suppose that's what we are out here for, so that our sisters and younger brothers will be safe and secure—frankly, I don't see it quite that way—at least, if you're going to be safe and secure, that's fine with me, but not in my coat, brother, not in my coat."

LETTER TO ROBERT FROM THE SOLOMON
ISLANDS, 1944

9-YEAR-OLD. In 1926 John Kennedy already showed his straightforward smile at the Dexter School in Brookline, Mass. where his family, which was soon to move, then lived.



WITH HIS BIG BROTHER. Joseph Kennedy Jr. (left) was bigger, 22 months older, more outgoing and tougher than John, who tended to be frail. At Dexter they were rivals—Joe

usually won their fights. He seemed destined for politics and thought he would be the family's success. John did not resent Joe and learned much from him about dealing with people.



AT HARVARD. Joe had gone to Harvard, so in 1935 John decided to try Princeton. But he fell ill, dropped out, and then in September 1936 he found himself stuffing his clothes into

the inadequate drawers of Weld Hall in the Harvard Yard. He majored in government, played hockey, rugby, became a varsity swimmer and was graduated with honors in 1940.



THE FAMILY. The Kennedys first became known as a family to the country with this familiar portrait taken in 1938 in Bronxville, N.Y. Father Joe was already famous as a

multimillionaire. From left to right: (seated) Eunice, Jean, Edward, Joseph Kennedy Sr., Patricia, Kathleen; (standing) Rosemary, Robert, John, Mrs. Rose Kennedy and Joseph Jr.



IN ENGLAND. In 1938 Joseph Sr. became Ambassador to the Court of St. James. In this foreboding picture the three most promising Kennedy children—Joe (left), Kathleen and

John—walked to visit the House of Commons. In 1944 Joe was killed flying an explosive-laden bomber in World War II. In 1948 Kathleen, widowed in war, died in an air crash.



NAVY BROTHERS. John (left) and Joe joined the U.S. Navy. In 1942 John was a j.g., Joe still an ensign.



PT SKIPPER. John served in a desk job for 14 months, then wangled duty in torpedo boats. In 1943 he skippered PT-109 in the Solomons and was decorated for rescuing its crew.



GRANDPA HONEY FITZ. In 1944 John was met by his maternal grandfather, "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, a legendary politician. His other grandfather had also been active in politics.

Wooing and Winning the Votes...



FIRST SENATE RACE. In 1952, after six years in the House of Representatives, a thin and boyish-looking John Kennedy ran for senator in Massachusetts against Henry Cabot Lodge

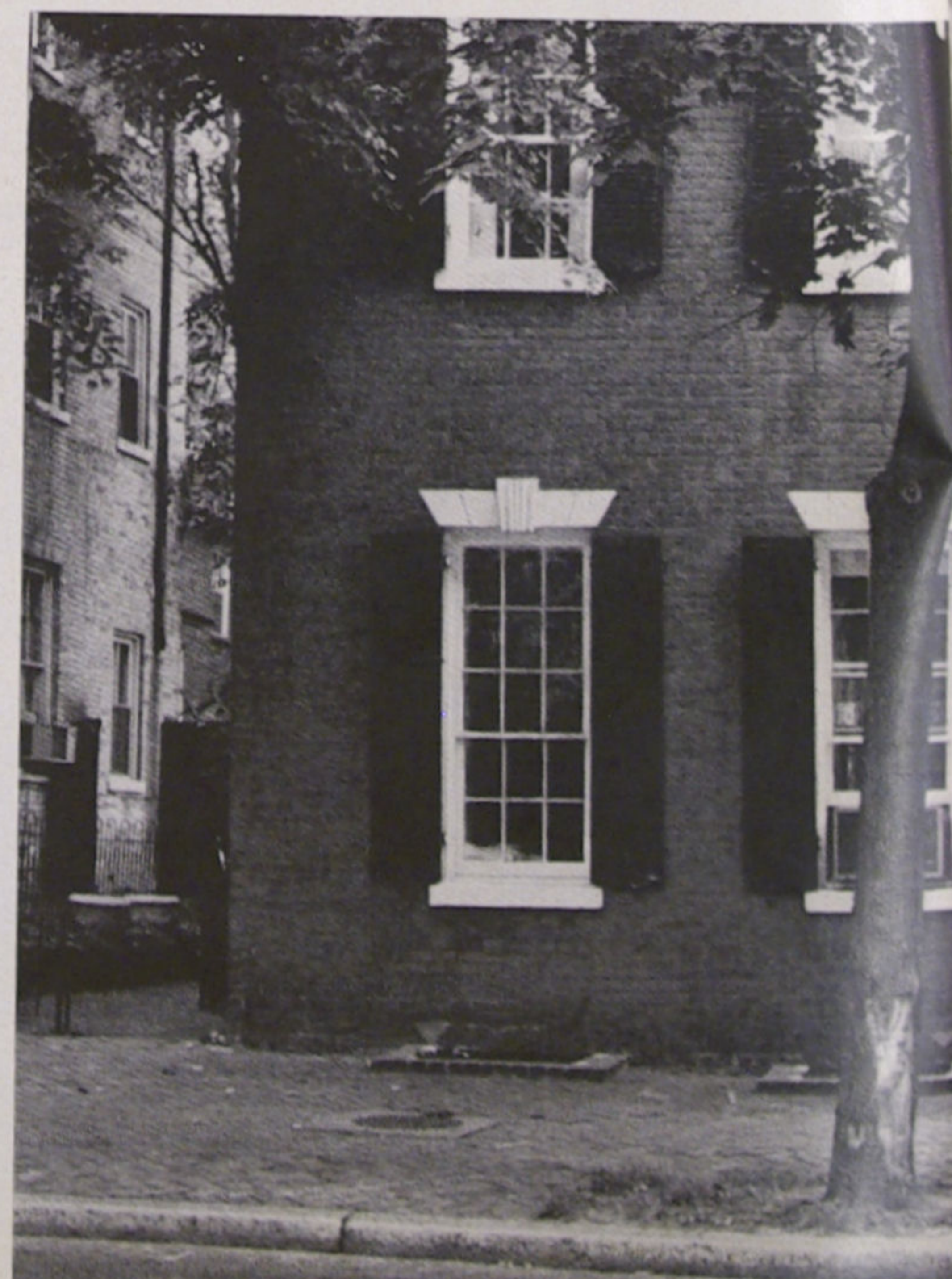
who was 15 years older and who had been senator for three terms. Kennedy's youth turned out to be no handicap. He had poise, a strong organization and a new and potent

political weapon—his skill at charming and convincing women voters at teas, like the one above. Though the national Democratic ticket lost, Kennedy defeated Lodge by 70,000 votes.



CAROLINE. Already showing her mother's eyes, she was born in November 1957. The Kennedys' first child was stillborn in 1956, after John almost got nominated Vice President.

SENATORIAL HOME. In August 1959, Kennedys lived in Georgetown home where Caroline spent her babyhood. The senator was then trying to gain the presidential nomination.



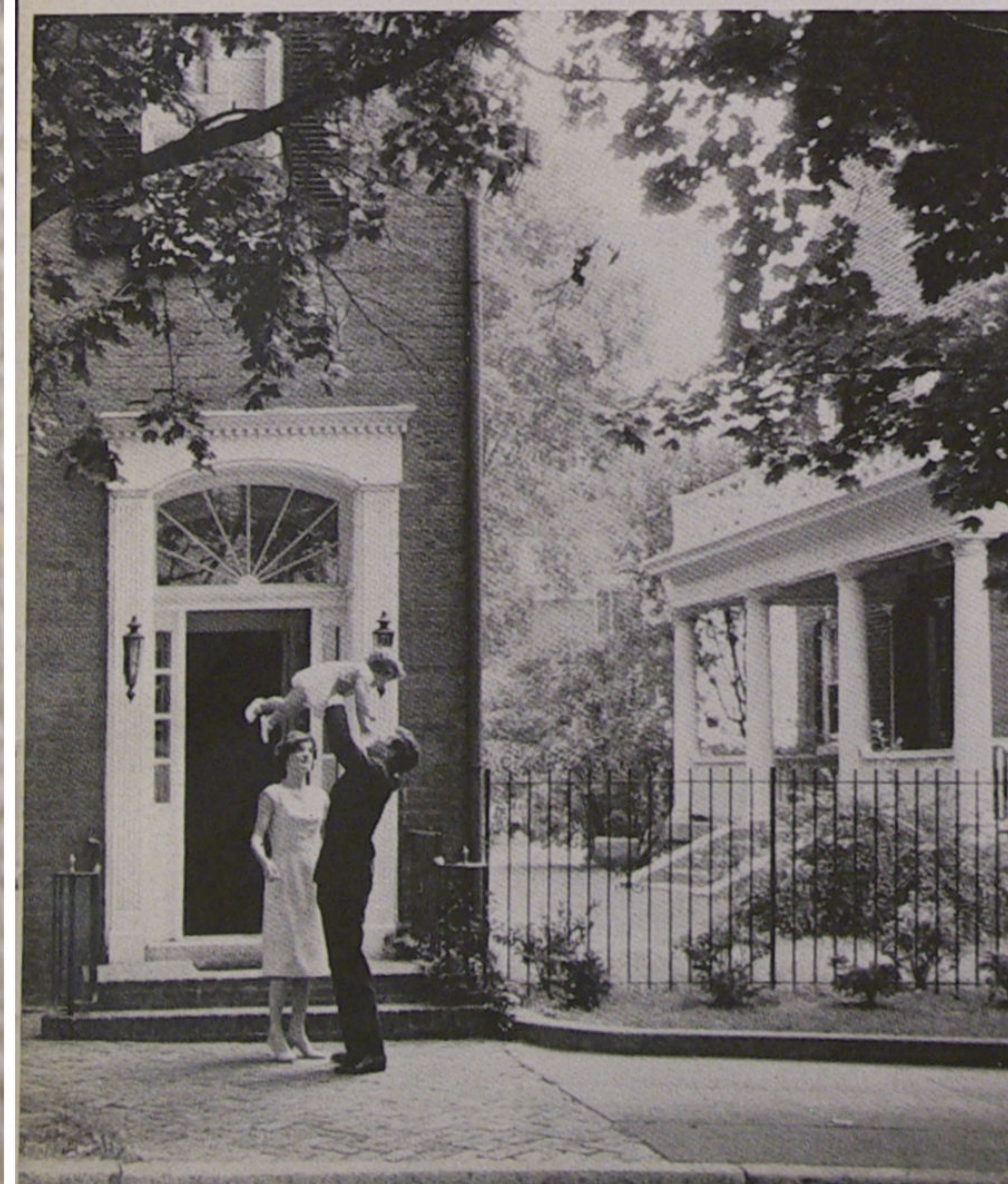
COURTING JACKIE. In 1951 the senator met Jacqueline Bouvier, a socialite who worked as inquiring photographer—and his wooing began. Here (left) they sail together off Cape Cod.

MARRIAGE. John and Jacqueline were wed in Newport, R.I. in September 1953, as impressive a ceremony as the old-line resort had seen. One guest said, "It was just like the coronation."



HOBBLING. His wartime injuries recurred to plague him and in 1954 he hobbled on crutches into a New York hospital for surgery. While recovering he wrote *Profiles in Courage*.

BROTHER TEAM. John and younger brother Robert made early public appearance as a team at labor racketeering inquiry in 1957—John as senator, Bob as the committee counsel.



...and Lovely Jackie

We were just worms over in the House—nobody pays much attention to us nationally. And I had come back from the Service, not as a Democratic wheelhorse who came up through the ranks—I came in sort of sideways.

1959, FROM JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, "JOHN KENNEDY, A POLITICAL PROFILE"

I will be frank with you—I'm a city boy who has never plowed a furrow. I do not pretend to be an expert on all the problems of agriculture—and I suppose some of my constituents are opposed to letting their tax dollars aid western ranchers and farmers. But I will say this: when a serious decline in farm income takes millions of dollars out of the pockets of your farmers and your towns . . . that is a national problem.

DEMOCRATIC BANQUET, 1957

The leadership of the American Legion has not had a constructive thought for the benefit of this country since 1918!

SPEECH IN THE HOUSE, 1949

Each wave of immigration to this country, particularly after it was firmly established, was suspicious of the next. The English said the Irish "kept the Sabbath and everything else they could lay their hands on." The English and the Irish distrusted the Germans who "worked too hard." The English and the Irish and the Germans disliked the Italians; and the Italians joined their predecessors in disparaging the Slavs. . . . To this very day, myths persist concerning national origins and racial superiority, concerning America's capacity to absorb new immigrants and the immigrant's capacity to adjust.

TO AMERICAN JEWISH CONGRESS, 1957

Washington is a city of Southern efficiency and Northern charm.
1961, FROM WILLIAM MANCHESTER, "PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT"

The whole McCarthy episode must be judged in the perspective of the atmosphere which has always prevailed in the Senate, where most members are reluctant to judge personally the conduct of another. Perhaps that was wrong in McCarthy's case—perhaps we were not as sensitive as some and should have acted sooner. That is a reasonable indictment that falls on me as well, although I was completely out of sympathy with McCarthy and had no close relationship with him, particularly after I voted against him on several occasions.

1959, FROM JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

Dad persuaded us to work hard at whatever we did. We soon learned that competition in the family was a kind of dry run for the world outside. At the same time, everything channeled into public service. There just wasn't any point in going into business.

TIME, 1957

Nobody is going to hand me the nomination. When the time is ripe, I'll have to work for it. If I were governor of a large state, Protestant and fifty-five, I could sit back and let it come to me.

TO TIME CORRESPONDENT, 1957

How much better it would be, in the turbulent sixties, to have a Roosevelt or a Wilson than to have another James Buchanan, cringing in the White House, afraid to move.

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB, 1960

Some people have their liberalism "made" by the time they reach their late 20s. I didn't. I was caught in crosscurrents and eddies. It was only later that I got into the stream of things.

1959, FROM JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

We cannot continue to drift in the sixties. We cannot have another administration which is best characterized by the old Chinese proverb: "There is a great deal of noise on the stairs but nobody comes into the room."

SPEECH HONORING ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, 1959

I leaned across the asparagus and asked her for a date.

MEETING JACQUELINE BOUVIER, DESCRIBED IN TIME, 1957

Rugged Primary Road, Convention Triumph

Primaries are the ordinary voter's chance to speak his own mind, to cast his own vote—regardless of what he may be told to do by some other self-appointed spokesman for his party, city, church, union, or other organization. No convention has ever nominated a man who avoided the primaries and elected that man President.

NEW YORK, 1960

You can milk a cow the wrong way once and still be a farmer, but vote the wrong way on a water tower and you can be in trouble.

WISCONSIN, 1960

One of the issues of this campaign is my religion. I don't think it's anyone's business but my business. . . . Is anyone going to tell me that I lost this primary 42 years ago on the day I was baptized?

WEST VIRGINIA, 1960

The fact that people are peacefully protesting the denial of their rights is not something to be lamented. It is a good sign. . . . It is in the American tradition to stand up for one's rights—even if the new way to stand up for one's rights is to sit down.

SPEECH TO AFRICAN DIPLOMATS, 1960

If the voters don't love them in March, April or May, they won't love them in November.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1960

But the question is what do the times—and the people—demand for the next four years in the White House? They demand a vigorous proponent of the national interest—not a passive broker for conflicting private interests. They demand a man capable of acting as the commander-in-chief of the grand alliance, not merely a bookkeeper who feels that his work is done when the numbers on the balance sheet come out even. They demand that he be the head of a responsible party, not rise so far above politics as to be invisible—a man who will formulate and fight for legislative policies, not be a casual bystander to the legislative process. . . . In the decade that lies ahead . . . the American presidency will demand more than ringing manifestoes issued from the rear of the battle. It will demand that the President place himself in the very thick of the fight, that he care passionately about the fate of the people he leads. . . .

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB, 1960

I talk too fast because I just do not believe the clichés a politician must utter. A speech where you ascribe only the good to yourself and only the bad to your opponent has a synthetic quality that throws me—I find it difficult to give it conviction. These guys who can make the rafters ring with hokum—well, I guess that's okay, but it keeps me from being an effective political speaker.

TO TIME CORRESPONDENT, 1957

All my family have been very helpful in Wisconsin, just as they were in my two Senate campaigns in Massachusetts. They get around and see and talk to a lot of people. The women like them and believe me they work hard. Oh, sure, I've heard some criticism about all my family helping me. I guess some people sometimes get too much of the Kennedys, but that's an exception.

TO ROWLAND EVANS JR., 1960

Just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him.

TO ELEANOR HARRIS, 1957



FIRST BIG TEST. Candidate Kennedy, brother Robert and press secretary Pierre Salinger get returns from his first big primary: Wisconsin. Kennedy defeated Hubert Humphrey and

pulled 56% of all the Democratic votes cast. In Wisconsin, he forged his big campaign weapons: a fast-moving staff, headed by Bobby, and his own tremendous personal charm.



THE CLINCHER. Working hard in the West Virginia primary, Kennedy chats with coal miners near Mullens. In this key race Kennedy faced the issue that could decide the nomination—his Catholicism. In this largely Protestant state non-Catholics voted for him in great numbers and killed off the candidacy of Hubert Humphrey, his most pressing opponent.



THE CONVENTION. John and Robert Kennedy huddle at the Los Angeles convention. He won on first ballot, and immediately invited Lyndon Johnson to run for Vice President.

THE CROWDS. The power of his personality and his organization surrounded Kennedy with crowds. In Rochester, N.Y. some 12,000 people jammed a hall designed for 10,000.



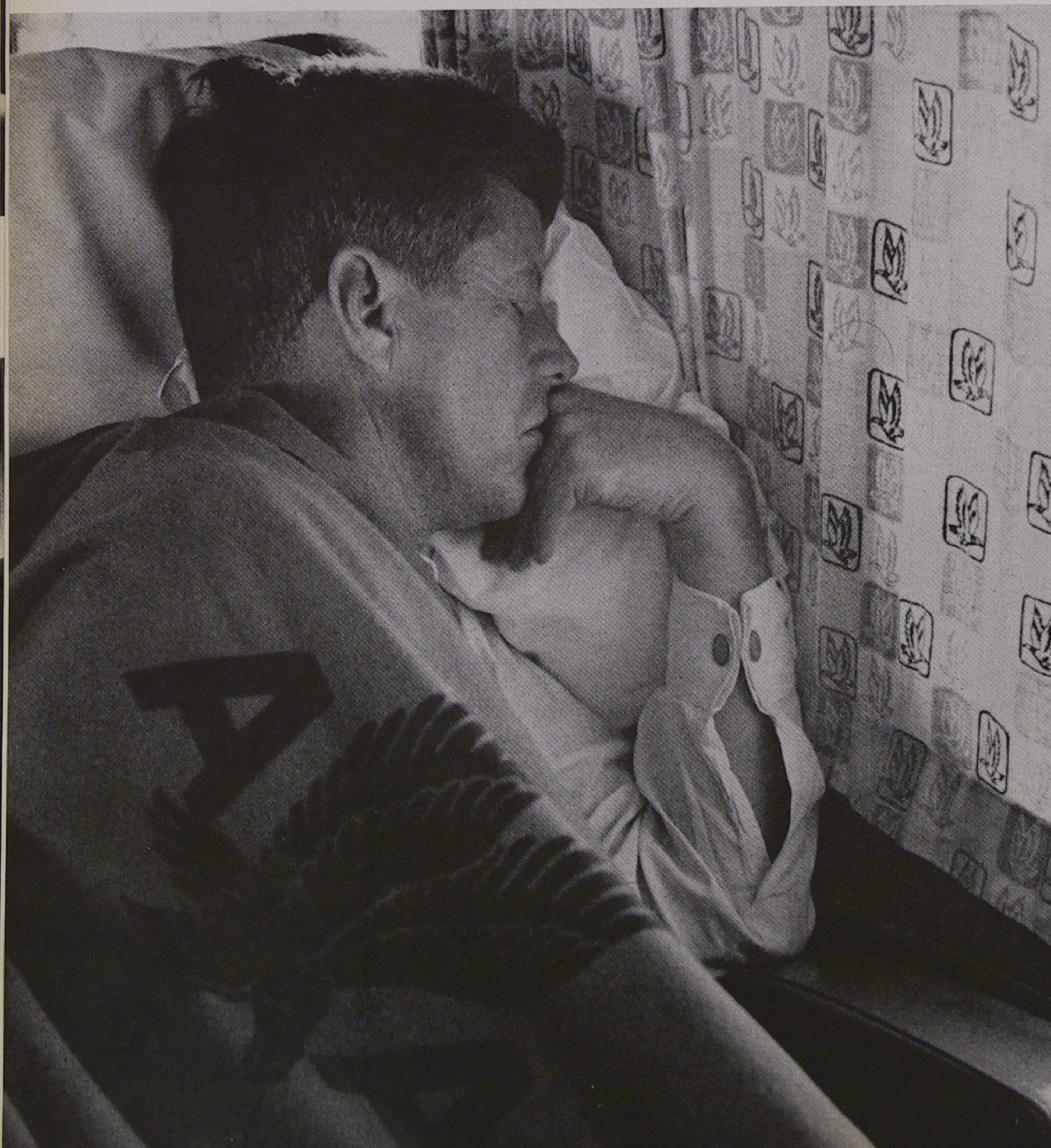


CAMPAIGN GETS GOING. Shirt tail out, Kennedy gets ready to land in Idaho four days and several thousand miles after his breakneck campaign began with a quiet speech in Maine.



TEN DAYS, 17,000 MILES. Eyes half closed with fatigue, the candidate rests for a brief moment. The campaign is less than 10 days old and already he has traveled more than 17,000 miles.

STEALING SLEEP. Six hours was a long night's sleep, but most of it had to be grabbed between airborne conferences on the candidate's Mother Ship, which later became the *Caroline*.



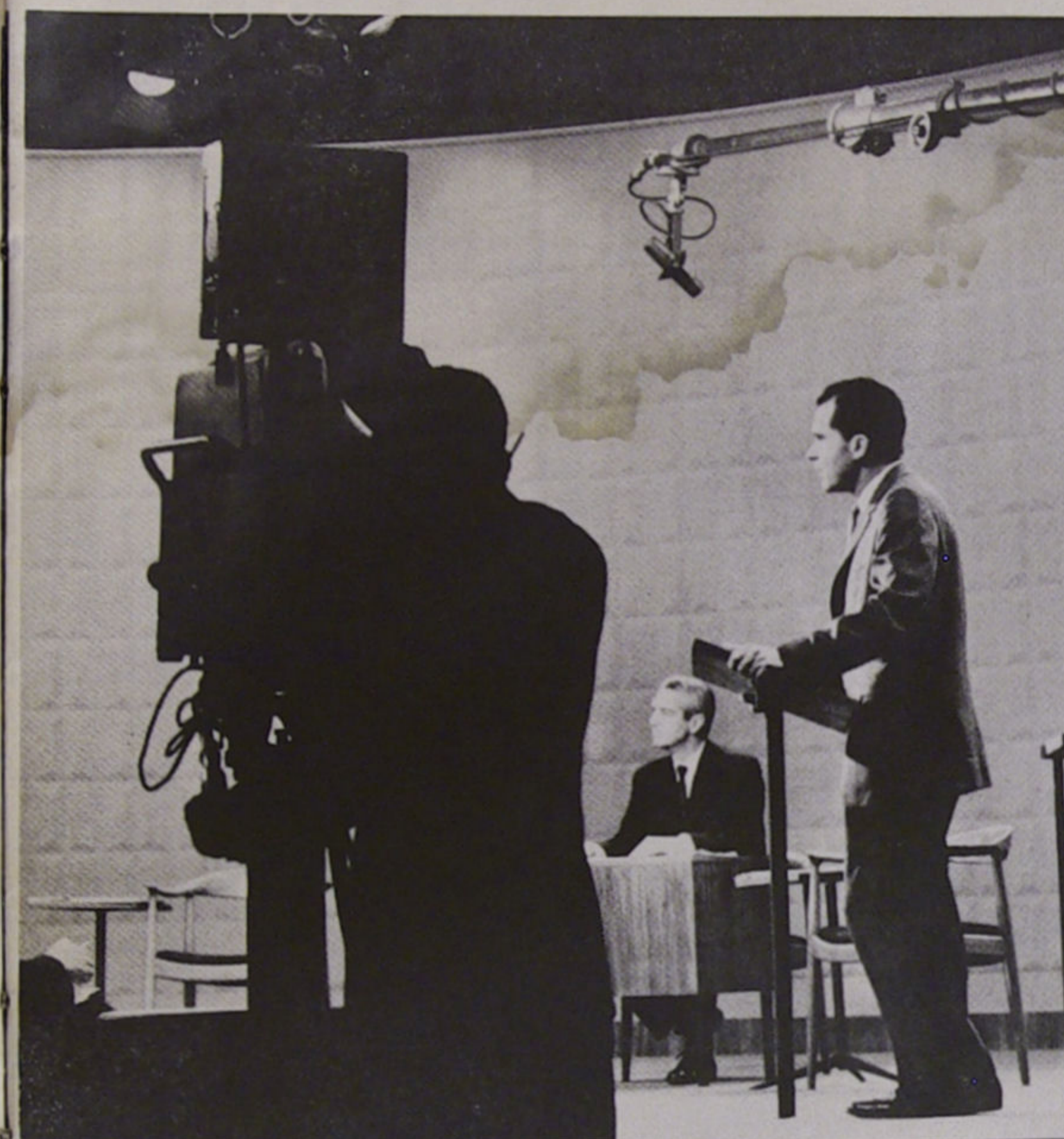
Breakneck



SPEECHES, SPEECHES. In a bare room in Baltimore, Kennedy works on yet another speech while admirers peer in window. He had skillful writers, but ruthlessly edited and rewrote himself.

VICTORY. On election night Kennedy stood in Hyannis Port beside Jackie—pregnant with John Jr. His margin was a squeaky 113,057 votes out of 68,832,778.

Battle for the Biggest Job in the World



CRUCIAL DEBATE. In their first TV debate Kennedy and Nixon faced each other at a Chicago studio while 74 million Americans watched. Kennedy looked more vigorous, acted more ag-

gressively and made a far better impression than Nixon who, up to then, was much better known than his opponent. This debate was crucial—it gave Kennedy an impetus he never lost.



I tell you the New Frontier is here, whether we seek it or not. Beyond that frontier are uncharted areas of science and space, unsolved problems of peace and war, unconquered pockets of ignorance and prejudice, and unanswered questions of poverty and surplus. I believe the times demand invention, innovation, imagination, decision. I am asking you to be new pioneers on that New Frontier. My call is to the young in heart, regardless of age—to the stout in spirit, regardless of party—to all who respond to the scriptural call: "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed."

ACCEPTING NOMINATION, 1960

The political world is stimulating. It's the most interesting thing you can do. It beats following the dollar.

TO TIME
CORRESPONDENT, 1960

I got a wire from my father that said, "Dear Jack. Don't buy one vote more than necessary. I'll be damned if I'll pay for a landslide."

NEW YORK, 1960

Governor Brown and I have been pushing a train all the way down from the Oregon border . . . picking up olives, grapes, bananas, corn and one thing or another. . . . I am reminded of an expedition which Thomas Jefferson and James Madison took in the 1790s. . . . They met Aaron Burr and the Knights of St. Tammany. . . . They formed a link between the rural United States and the cities of the United States. . . . They formed the Democratic party. I have come here three thousand miles and I am not chasing butterflies. I am here asking for your support.

LOS ANGELES, 1960

Every time I get in the middle of a day I look down at the schedule and there's five minutes allotted for the candidate to eat and rest.

MIDWEST CAMPAIGN, 1960

I'm of the Establishment in the sense of where I've lived, and my schools, but in the sense of the Anglo-Saxon Establishment—no. When I go into the N.A.M. I get a pretty cold reception; they're not very sympathetic. You really have to be a Republican to be a member. Of course, Nixon doesn't belong, but Rockefeller is the epitome of it. In my case, my politics and my religion are against it. If the Democratic party had an Establishment candidate, it was Stevenson.

1961, FROM WILLIAM MANCHESTER

There is no city in the United States in which I get a warmer welcome and less votes than Columbus.

OHIO DINNER, 1962

What does it mean to be an American? Upon us destiny has lavished special favors of liberty and opportunity—and it therefore has demanded of us special efforts, particularly in times such as these. It requires each one of us to be a little more decent, alert, intelligent, compassionate and resolute in our daily lives—that we exercise our civic duties, whether paying taxes or electing Presidents, with extra pride and care—that we use our freedom of choice to pursue our own destiny in a manner that advances the national destiny, in the work we produce, the subjects we study, the positions we seek, the languages we learn, the complaints we voice, the leaders we follow, the inconveniences we endure. Every American must take far more seriously than he has in the past his responsibility for achieving and maintaining a democratic society of a truly model kind, worthy to be the champion of freedom throughout the world.

LIFE, 1960

Mr. Nixon may be very experienced in kitchen debates. So are a great many other married men I know.

VIRGINIA, 1960

Gala Inaugural Celebration, a Great Speech

Let every public servant know, whether his post is high or low, that a man's rank and reputation in this Administration will be determined by the size of the job he does, and not by the size of his staff, his office or his budget. Let it be clear that this Administration recognizes the value of dissent and daring, that we greet healthy controversy as the hallmark of healthy change. Let the public service be a proud and lively career.

STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE, 1961

You have offered to trade us an apple for an orchard. We do not do that in this country.

TO GROMYKO, 1961

We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration of freedom—symbolizing an end as well as a beginning—signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and Almighty God the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty and all forms of human life. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe—the belief that the rights of man come not from the generosity of the state but from the hand of God.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty. . . .

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us. . . .

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin. . . .

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world:

ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience



INAUGURAL BALL. A few hours after his stirring inaugural speech Jan. 20, 1961, the new President and his wife hold the gaze of guests who jammed the largest and gayest of the

inaugural balls. There were five balls in all, and Kennedy showed up at every one. Tired but joyful, he told the crowds of dancers, "I think this is a wonderful way to spend an evening."

our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS, 1961

If a man stays in hot politics long enough, he acquires an albatross.

1961, FROM WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Today, every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when it may no longer be habitable. Every man, woman and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles, hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident, miscalculation or madness. The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us.

TO THE UNITED NATIONS, 1961

and Then the First Months of Crisis



CANADA VISIT. On a trip to Ottawa in May, Kennedy planted a red oak tree—and so aggravated an old back injury that, from then on, he seldom spent a day without pain.



CUBAN INVASION. The battle at Cuba's Bay of Pigs brought President Kennedy a major crisis after only four months in office. In a show of national unity following the defeat,

General Eisenhower came to confer with his successor at Camp David. Eisenhower's administration had planned the U.S.-backed invasion many months before. But Kennedy

was blamed for the failure. He was accused of having been too hesitant and unwilling to lend U.S. strength to the battle, and of dooming the invasion with last-minute changes.



TWO GENERATIONS. When Speaker Sam Rayburn died in 1961, Kennedy flew to the services in Bonham, Texas. This funeral scene emphasized how the reins of power had been

taken over by a new generation. Next to Kennedy sat two former presidents: Harry Truman, who opposed Kennedy at the convention but supported him afterward, and Dwight D.

Eisenhower, whose campaign for Nixon cost Kennedy many votes. At right is Senator Carl Hayden who now, as Senate president pro tem, is second in line for the presidency.

Kennedy first met Speaker Rayburn when he was a freshman congressman. Years later he said of Rayburn, "He has the courage of ten men. They don't make them like that any more."

His Best Years: Cuba, Casals, Glenn

Historians report that in 1914, with most of the world already plunged in war, Prince Bülow, the former German Chancellor, said to the then Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, "How did it all happen?" and Bethmann-Hollweg replied, "Ah, if only one knew!" If this planet is ever ravaged by nuclear war—if the survivors of that devastation can then endure the fire, poison, chaos and catastrophe—I do not want one of those survivors to ask another, "How did it all happen?" and to receive the incredible reply: "Ah, if only one knew!"

SPEECH, UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, 1963

We have no wish to war with the Soviet Union, for we are a peaceful people who desire to live in peace with all other peoples. . . . The cost of freedom is always high, but Americans have always paid it. And one path we shall never choose, and that is the path of surrender, or submission.

SPEECH ANNOUNCING
BLOCKADE OF CUBA, 1962

If we cannot end now our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal.

COMMENCEMENT
ADDRESS, AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, 1963

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.

TO LATIN AMERICAN DIPLOMATS, 1962

We go into space because whatever mankind must undertake, free men must fully share.

SPECIAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, 1961

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. The artist . . . becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state. . . . I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist. If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him.

SPEECH AT AMHERST, 1963

I know my Republican friends were glad to see my wife feeding an elephant in India. She gave him sugar and nuts. But of course the elephant wasn't satisfied.

GRIDIRON DINNER, 1962

Yesterday, a shaft of light cut into the darkness. Negotiations were concluded in Moscow on a treaty to ban all nuclear tests in the atmosphere, in outer space and under water. . . . According to the ancient Chinese proverb, a journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single step . . . let us take that first step. Let us, if we can, step back from the shadows of war and seek out the way of peace. And if that journey is a thousand miles or even more, let history record that we, in this land, at this time, took the first step.

TEST-BAN BROADCAST, 1963

CUBA SHOWDOWN. In October 1962 Kennedy sat in his familiar rocking chair and listened as Russian representatives denied their rockets were in Cuba. He knew better. In a brave but calculated willingness to risk war for security, he mobilized, blockaded the island and forced the Soviets to take out the missiles they had spent a billion dollars putting in.



CULTURE. Pablo Casals, the world's most famous cellist, bowed to a glittering audience in the East Room in November 1961, when the Kennedys revived a dormant tradition of enjoy-

ing fine music at the White House. Both John Kennedy and his wife believed in—and practiced—the idea that the presidency of the United States carried with it a responsibility



MEETING KHRUSHCHEV. The President first met his chief antagonist in June 1961, when he talked to the Soviet premier in Vienna. The Russian talked tough—but so did Kennedy.



GREETING GLENN. Under Kennedy the U.S. took big steps toward catching up in space. In February 1962 the President shared the first U.S. orbiting Astronaut's joy after his flight.



a Test Ban

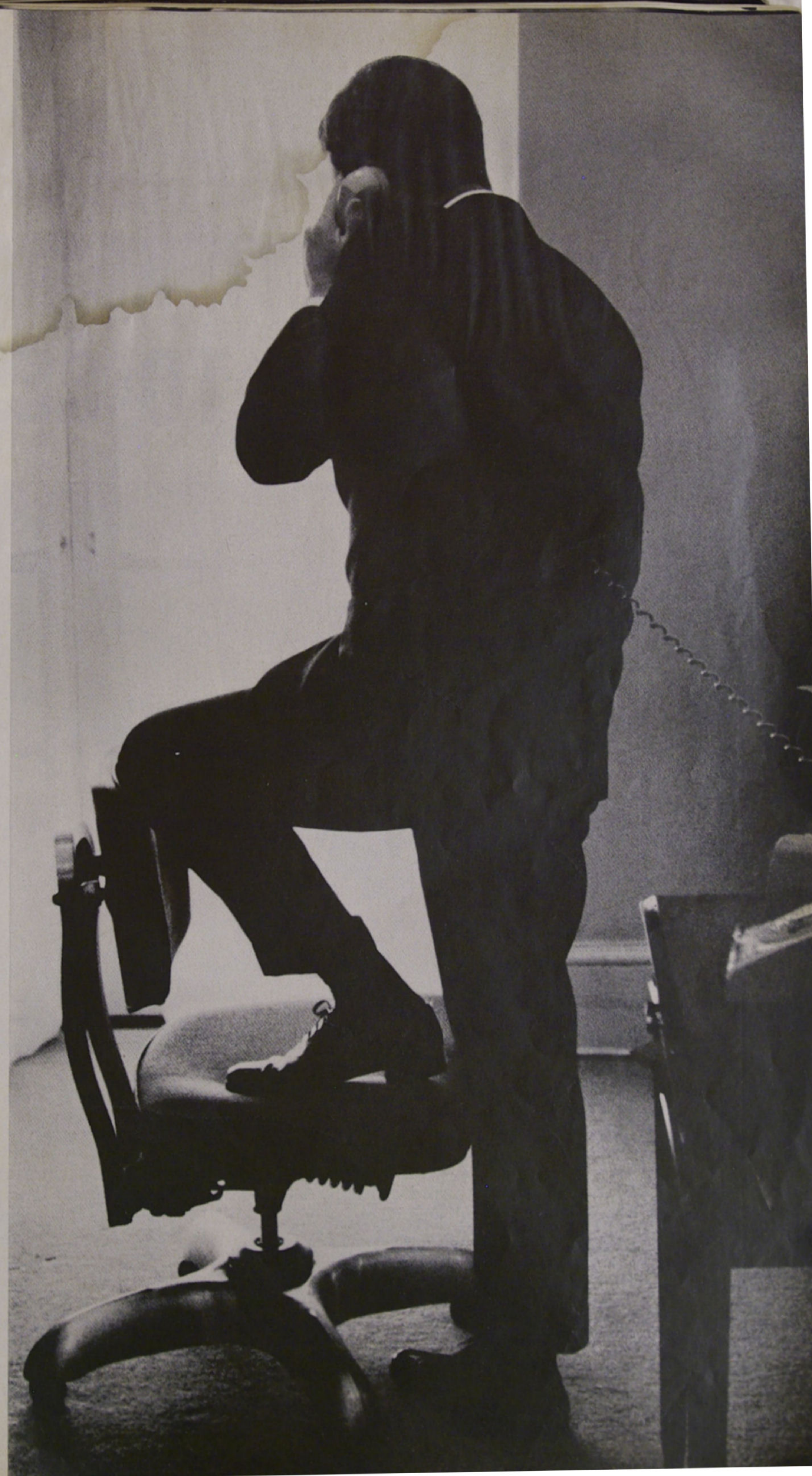


for the encouragement and appreciation of the arts. They invited novelists, painters, musicians and poets into their world as no President and his family had ever done before.



TEST BAN. Behind a palisade of pens, the President signed what might turn out to be the most enduring legacy of his administration: the treaty banning most testing of nuclear weapons.

DOING HIS JOB. Six months after election, the President stood as many remember him best: relaxed but all business, prone to answer any phone for whatever challenge it might bring.



PRESIDENT KENNEDY IS LAID TO REST



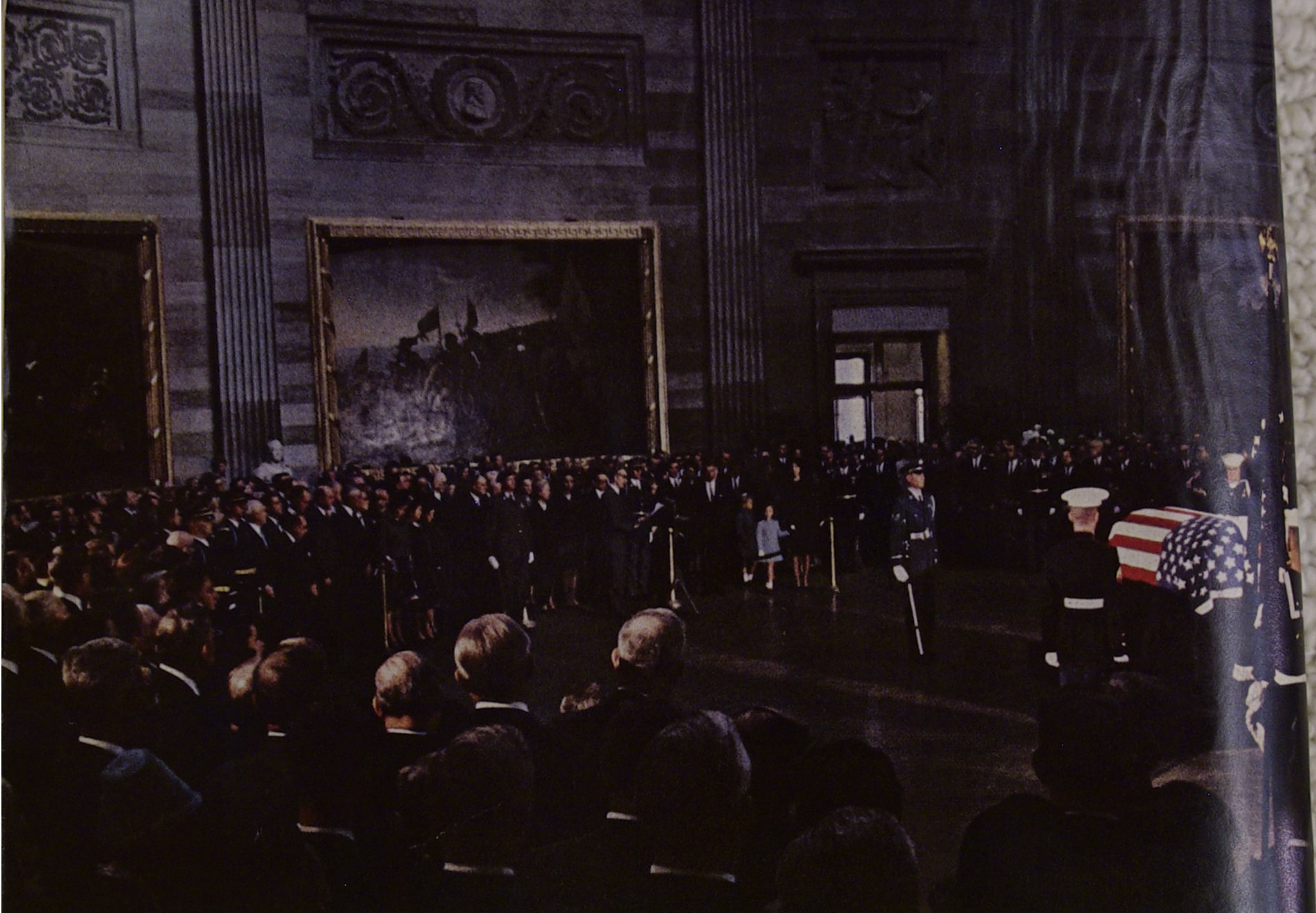
A woman knelt and gently kissed the flag. A little girl's hand tenderly fumbled under the flag to reach closer. Thus, in a privacy open to all the world, John F. Kennedy's wife and daughter touched at a barrier that no mortal ever can pass again.

The next day the dead President's body was taken from the proudly impassive care of his honor guard under the Capitol rotunda and was carried to Arlington Cemetery. It was a day of dazzling brilliance. By a tradition that is as old as Genghis Khan, a riderless horse followed, carrying empty boots reversed in the

stirrups in token that the warrior would not mount again. Muffled drums beat out the cadence of the march; shrill pipes skirled the dirges. The great and powerful of the world marched behind him, to help bear the grief of a nation and of a wife. And at the end, a cardinal committed the 35th President of the United States to the keeping of the Almighty.

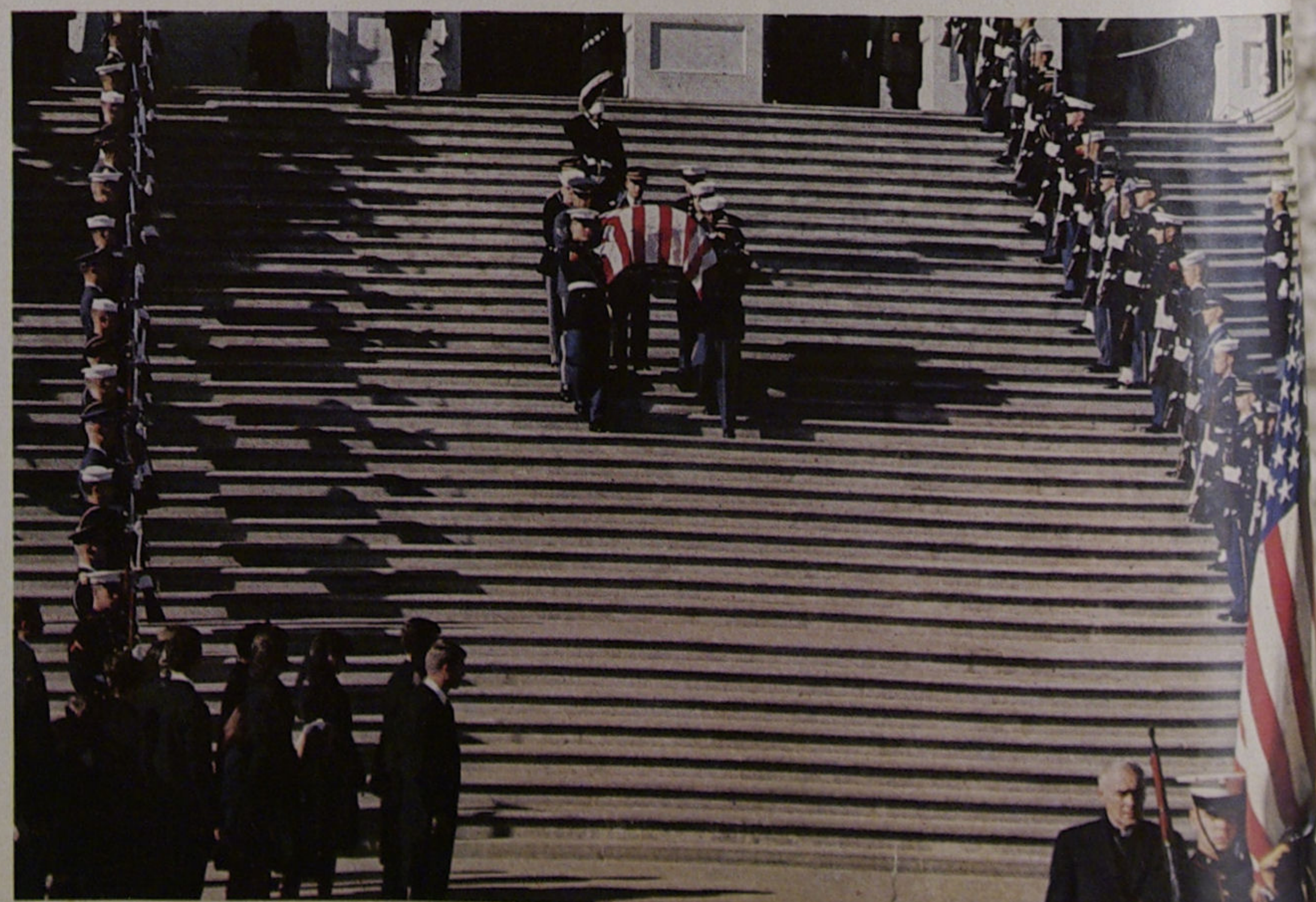
Through all this mournful splendor Jacqueline Kennedy marched enfolded in courage and a regal dignity. Then at midnight she came back again, in loneliness, to lay some flowers on her husband's grave.



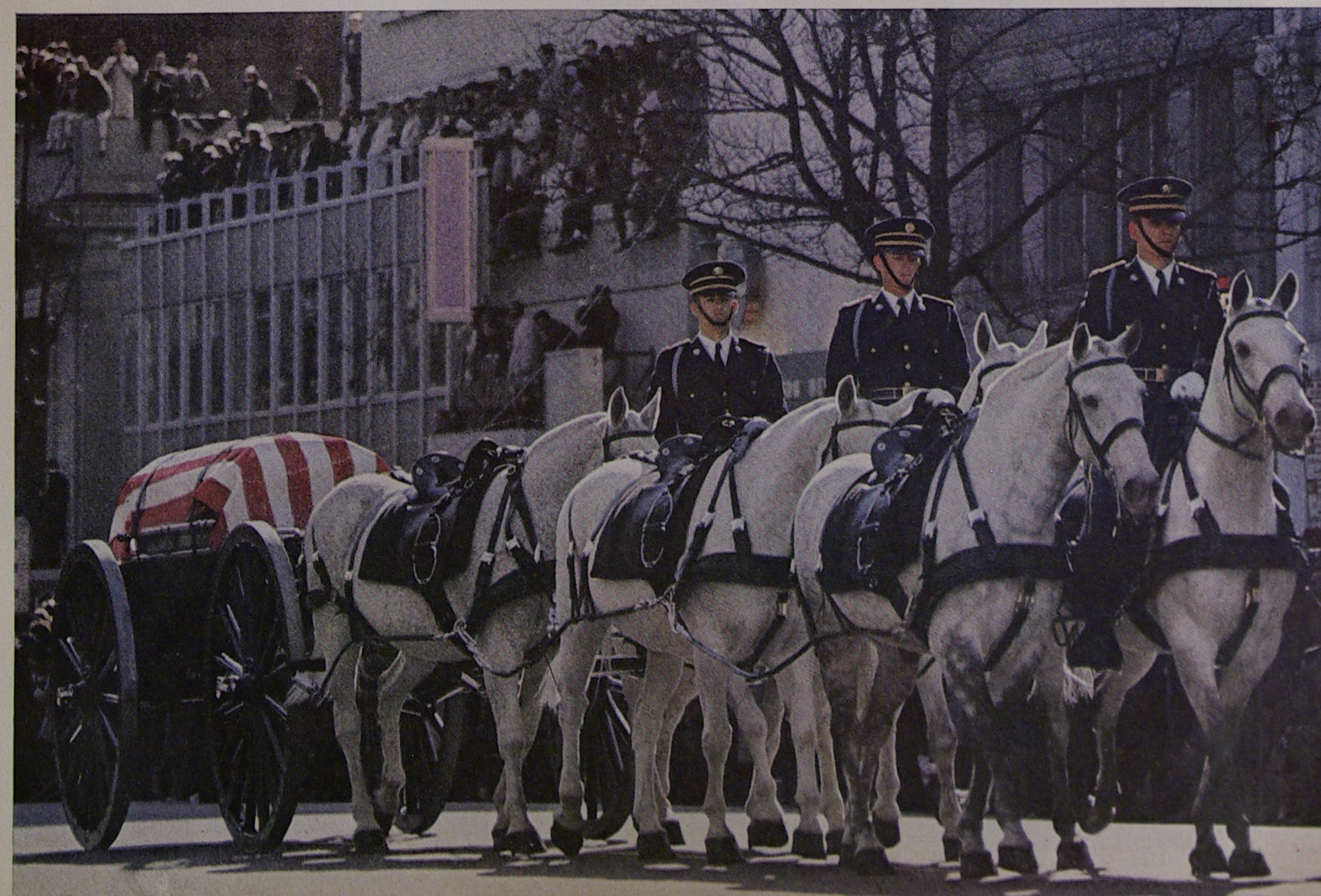
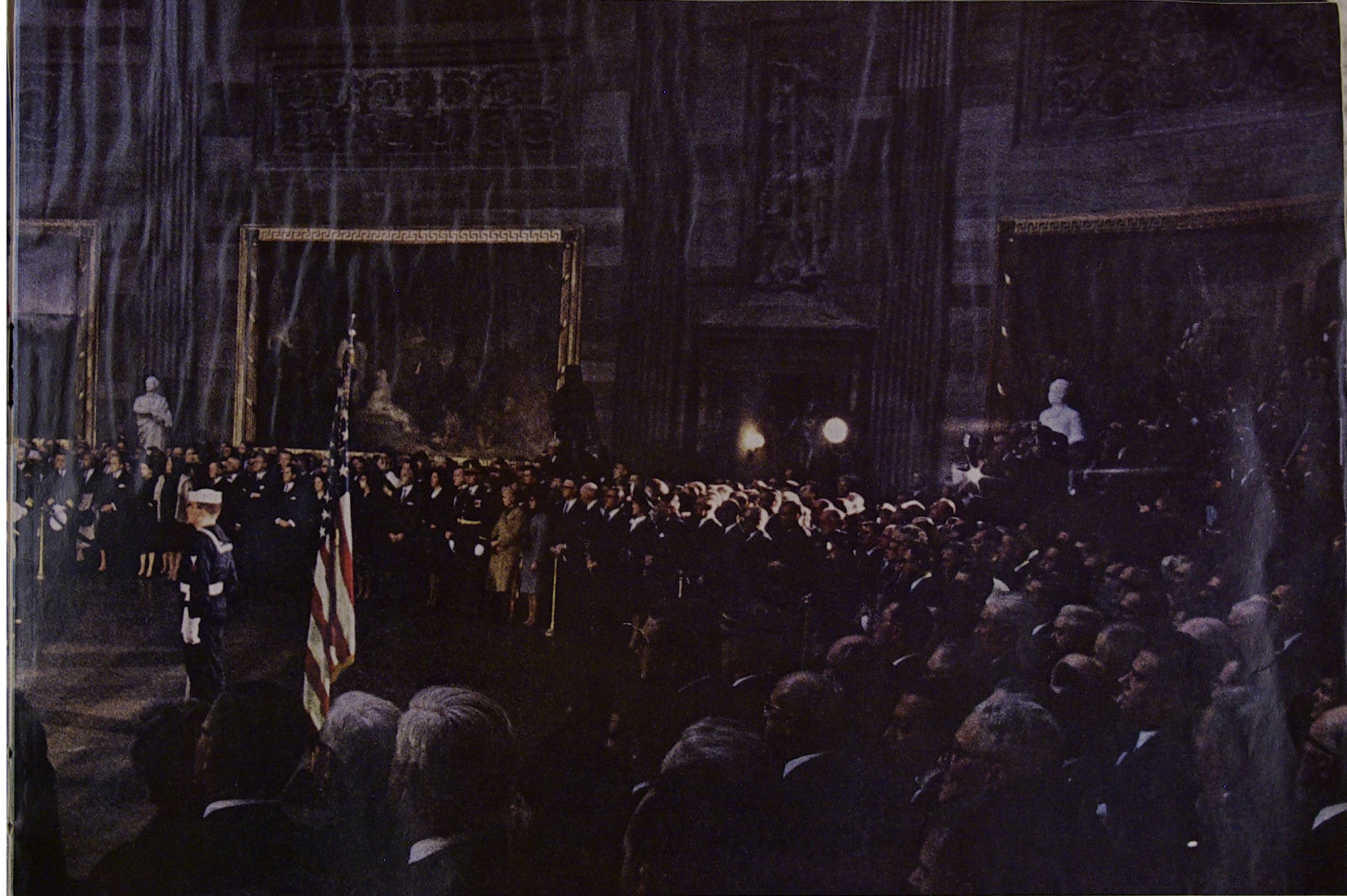


IN THE GREAT ROTUNDA. The solemnities began inside the Capitol hall—around the same catafalque on which Abraham Lincoln lay in state—in a scene that matched the drama of the historic paintings on the walls. In the foreground were U.S. senators and representatives. At left, under paintings of *Embarkation of the Pilgrims* and *Landing of Columbus*, were members of the Cabinet and Supreme Court and U.S. delegates to the U.N. As Senator Mansfield read his emotional tribute to the late President and his widow, Mrs. Kennedy stood with Caroline and niece, Sydney Lawford. In rear center, under *De Soto's Discovery*, was the White House staff. To its right, under *Pocahontas' Baptism*, stood the foreign diplomats. Then this gathering dispersed and the public came. All afternoon and through the chill night 250,000 people filed past the coffin in a silent stream.

IN THE MIDST OF HISTORY THE LAST JOURNEY BEGAN



BEARING THE COFFIN. It was carried from the rotunda down the Capitol steps by the same nine pallbearers—from the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard—who performed this duty at each of the ceremonies. Then it was placed on the caisson and drawn to the White House and St. Matthew's Cathedral by three pairs of matched gray horses. Following military custom, the right row of horses was saddled but riderless.



A SORROWING FAMILY MARCHED TOGETHER



THE SAD WALK. Eyes straight ahead, Mrs. Kennedy walked between Attorney General Robert Kennedy (left)

and Senator Edward Kennedy as they followed the coffin to St. Matthew's Cathedral. Behind the Attorney Gen-

eral were Mrs. Kennedy's half brother, James Auchincloss (left); Mrs. Lyndon Johnson and Sargent Shriver,

Jacqueline's brother-in-law. Between her and Senator Kennedy was another brother-in-law, Stephen Smith.





ACROSS THE POTOMAC. Leaving Washington and the Lincoln Memorial behind, the procession—which was three miles long—made its way

toward Arlington Cemetery. In the right foreground, wearing uniforms styled after the Revolutionary War, stood an Army life-and-drum corps.

HOMAGE FROM THE GREAT. As taps was sounded, President de Gaulle and Emperor Haile Selassie saluted the grave. Behind Selassie is German

Chancellor Erhard. To right of Selassie is Philippine President Macapagal. In dark glasses at right is South Korean President Chung Hee Park.



THE RESTING PLACE. With the sound of creaking wheels and the clattering of hoofs breaking the silence, the President's caisson entered Ar-

ON A HILL IN ARLINGTON CAME THE FINAL SALUTES

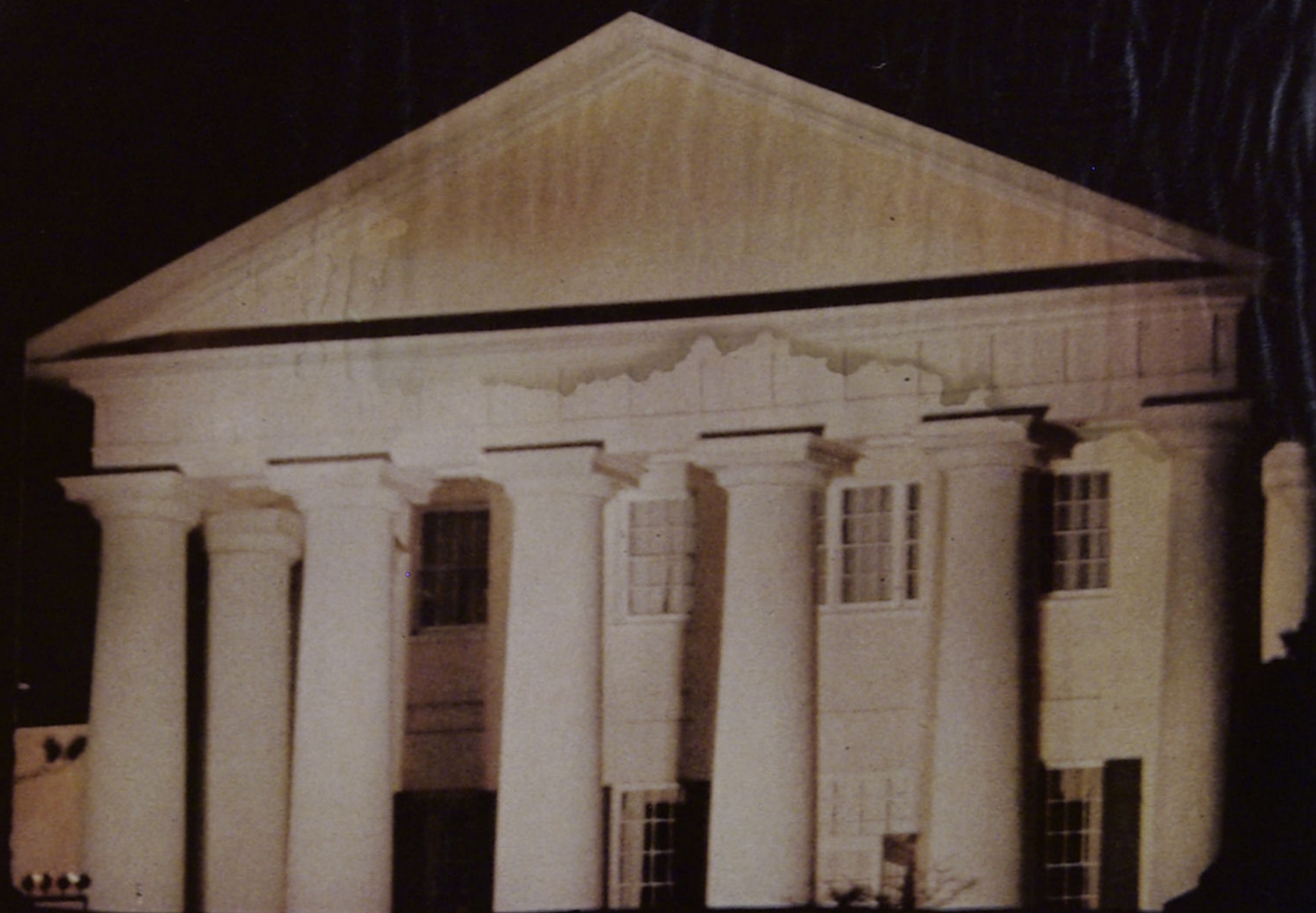


lington Cemetery, passed the graves of American war heroes and headed toward the burial spot on a grassy hill which looks over the Potomac.

A WIDOW'S THANKS. Pausing for a moment after the graveside service with Robert Kennedy, who was ever at her side, Jacqueline Kennedy had

a word of thanks for Bishop Philip Hannan (left), who spoke at the funeral, and other Catholic prelates who had taken part in the services.





TWO FLAMES. Eternal flame at the floodlit grave glows amid banked flowers. Above it stands columned Custis-Lee house where General Robert E. Lee once lived. Standing in the rain at a public mourning service in a Chicago street, a young boy weeps as he holds a candle.



MRS. KENNEDY'S DECISIONS SHAPED ALL THE

by DORA JANE HAMBLIN

Throughout her long ordeal Jacqueline Kennedy's only recorded cry of pain was the "Oh, no!" she uttered as her husband was hit. From that moment on she seemed to draw strength from the events that had engulfed her, until finally she imparted strength to others. Even as she waited in the hospital in Dallas, a resolve began to grow in her to erase the shame of assassination with ceremonies so dignified that the office of President would rise above its momentary emptiness. An instinct to establish the continuity of power drove her and supported her. Still in shock from the bullets which killed her husband and missed her only by inches, she stood beside the new President as he took the oath of office on the plane.

On the two hour and 21 minute flight back to Washington she had time to think. First she asked that a message be sent to Bethesda Naval Hospital asking that it be ready to prepare John Kennedy's body for burial. Then, as she sat in the rear compartment of the plane where the casket was carried, the parallel to Lincoln's death came to her mind, as it had to so many others. Through her avid study of the White House and its residents, she knew more about it than most. From Bethesda Hospital during that first long night she began a series of astonishingly detailed plans and decisions, many drawn from history, the rest of them of her own devising. LIFE's Washington Bureau Chief Henry Suydam later gathered instances of her planning.

Mrs. Kennedy asked someone to telephone a friend and send him to an upstairs library in the White House to get a specific book on Lincoln which contained photographs and drawings of ceremonies surrounding the lying-in-state and the funeral. She remembered exactly where the book was, and she told him. She wanted everything now to correspond as nearly as possible to what had been done for Lincoln. She even specified that the catafalque upon which the coffin would lie in the East Room should duplicate Lincoln's.

She did not leave the hospital until her husband's body was returned to the White House to lie in state in the East Room. She went directly there, and as dawn brightened its windows on Saturday morning she supervised the hushed-voice preparations for the catafalque and the mourning drapes. A military honor guard took up its position, and she remembered her husband's keen interest in the Spe-

cial Forces, the guerrilla-trained troops he had sent to the jungles of Vietnam. She asked, "Couldn't the honor guard include a member of the Special Forces?" Soon a Special Forces man was added, wearing the green beret she had thought would be more appropriate than formal Army headgear.

It was full morning before she left her dead husband's side, and then only for the most painful duty of all: to see her children for the first time and to try to find the words to tell them what had happened. In mid-morning Mrs. Kennedy returned to the East Room, this time to attend a special family Mass in front of the casket. Only then did she consent to rest for a while.

The watching nation did not see Jacqueline Kennedy again until Sunday morning, when she and her children prepared to follow the flag-draped casket in a cortege to the rotunda of the Capitol. By then the television audience was watching Dallas' second assassination. From this primitive violence the watchers could turn to see Mrs. Kennedy, in a black suit and black lace mantilla, walking out of the White House and up the 36 marble steps of the Capitol. There was no hand at her shoulder, no veil to hide her face. With each gloved hand she held a small hand, and her quiet eyes were fixed on the casket moving slowly up the steps ahead of her. She and the children moved into place in the vast rotunda. Caroline was solemn and still. John-John, as his father had nicknamed him, gazed with interest at the soldiers and craned at the dome, then began to visit with the dignitaries so amiably and audibly that he was hustled off to the office of the Speaker of the House.

Once or twice, as the sonorous eulogies echoed in the chamber, Mrs. Kennedy swayed slightly. Occasionally she touched her face, but it seemed no more than the familiar gesture she had always used to brush her hair lightly away. Caroline once let go of her mother's hand and began tapping her gloved fingertips together. Her mother reached down gently and took her hand again. Then, in a silent moment of dignity and courage which helped to redeem the second moment of madness in Dallas, the two walked to the bier and knelt beside it.

As they left the rotunda, John-John joined them again, clutching two small flags in his right hand.

SOLEMN PAGEANTRY

He had been given one, in the Speaker's office, to entertain him, and he had asked for the other one "for my Daddy."

All during that ceremony at the Capitol, Jacqueline Kennedy's first public appearance since she had walked into the White House in her bloodstained clothing 32 hours before, she relied both on her sense of history and upon details "that the President would have liked." He had loved his Navy years, and she asked that the Navy hymn be played at the Capitol while his casket was being carried up the stairs.

A sense of history and a sure knowledge of her husband's wishes would guide her plans for the next day as well. She remembered his delight at the concert they had all heard on the White House lawn on Veterans Day, when the Black Watch bagpipers played, and she asked that they form a part of his funeral cortege. She remembered his telling her about an Irish Guard funeral drill he had seen last June in Dublin as he laid a wreath on a monument to the Irish Rebellion. She asked for such a drill at his funeral.

As the movers came to clear the oval presidential office of her husband's effects, she even remembered that he had promised, a month ago, to give his desk telephone to the Army Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N.J. because he had used it last August to initiate the Army's Syncom satellite. She asked that someone please see to it that the telephone was delivered to Fort Monmouth.

Much of this planning had been done by Saturday evening when thousands of people were already lining up at the Capitol, waiting to pay last respects to John Kennedy. Suddenly, Sunday evening, as the mourners were shuffling through the Rotunda, Jacqueline wanted to go back there herself. She asked Robert Kennedy, who had hardly left her side, to take her back. They walked in unannounced, at about 9 p.m., and went so quietly to the coffin that hardly anyone noticed them. While Robert waited behind the rope which isolated the catafalque from the crowds, Mrs. Kennedy knelt again beside it for a few moments, again touched the flag with her lips.

Then she rose, stepped back and looked at the faces in the silent, shuffling crowd. Her brother-in-law touched her arm and they walked out together. The night air had grown very cold. Robert urged her toward a waiting limousine but she said, "Let me walk, let me walk."

They stepped into the darkness together. A woman who recog-

nized her stepped forward impulsively and hugged her. Mrs. Kennedy reached up her arms and hugged her in return, without words. She stopped for a moment to speak to some nuns and walked on, coatless in the cold. Then the crowds all saw her at once, and Robert and the Secret Service men guided her back to the car.

Monday morning, the day of the funeral, Mrs. Kennedy carried out another precedent-shattering decision by electing to walk behind her husband's body as it was borne from the White House to St. Matthew's Cathedral. When the procession first left the White House she clasped tightly the hand of Robert Kennedy, as she had earlier that morning when the two of them, accompanied by the late President's youngest brother, Senator Edward Kennedy, had walked yet once again up and down that long flight of steps at the Capitol to accompany the casket on the first lap of its last journey. But then, as the cortege wound away from the White House for the last time, she seemed to straighten her shoulders and resolutely she let go of Robert's hand. Her step was firm, her stride was long and her shoulders were back. At the foot of the cathedral steps her children were again put into her hands. Caroline curtsied to Richard Cardinal Cushing, who met them outside and bent to caress the two children before they marched into the church behind the cross.

There was almost unbearable poignancy inside. Not only was Cardinal Cushing there to say the low funeral Mass—the old family friend with the harsh sound of Boston in his voice, who had married John Kennedy and Jacqueline Bouvier 10 years ago, who had christened their two children and buried the infant son they lost this year. There was also Luigi Vena of Boston, singing *Ave Maria* as he had sung it at their wedding. There sat all of the Kennedy family, except the ailing patriarch Joe, tight-faced as they buried the third of nine children from that close-knit clan. There sat Caroline, still and solemn beside her mother while someone else entertained John-John by showing him pictures in a religious pamphlet taken out of

a rack at the back of the church.

Jacqueline Kennedy lost her steel nerve there in the church, just for a moment, but the tears were dry on her face a few minutes later outside when she gently took the religious pamphlet from John-John's hands so that he could salute, properly, the body of his father as it lay on the caisson. It was John-John's third birthday. With the salute the exciting day of drums and soldiers was over for him. He and Caroline went home to the White House. Their mother could not go just yet.

It took an hour to drive to Arlington National Cemetery behind the horse-drawn caisson. The sun was bright and it made the cold air seem oddly soft. Military units were lined up beside the grave on the grass of a little hill in front of the Custis-Lee mansion. From the flag in front of the mansion, across the grave to the center of the Lincoln Memorial in the distance, it was a straight, true line. This too had been Jacqueline Kennedy's wish and decision. Robert Kennedy had suggested the site, and he and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had gone out to inspect it. Then Jacqueline herself went out, early Sunday morning, to approve and to make sure the positioning was exactly in line with the two monuments. McNamara sent a team of U.S. Army surveyors to verify that it was as she wanted it.

In a way John Kennedy had himself suggested the site, unwittingly. On a warm day in March this year he wanted a breath of fresh air and slipped out to Arlington with a friend. Looking at the magnificent view of Washington from there, and savoring the air, he said, "I could stay here forever."

As the Kennedy family walked slowly to a row of chairs beside the grave, there were crisp military orders and the sibilant quiet slap of arms being shifted. Fifty jet fighters roared over the cemetery in salute and, after them, Air Force One, which dipped its wings as it passed. Jacqueline had asked for this special salute. "He loved that

airplane so much," she had said. "It took him to so many places..."

There were final prayers, and taps, and the neat crack of a rifle volley. In the crowd a baby cried. The honor guard folded the flag which had covered John Kennedy's coffin for three days and it was turned over, a neat triangle, to his wife. She took it in both hands and put it under her left arm when it was time to step forward and light the eternal flame, which was her own suggestion for "something living" at the grave. As she turned to walk away there were tears on her face behind the heavy veil and for a moment she seemed to stumble. Then she caught her balance and walked down the little hill, hand in hand with Robert Kennedy.

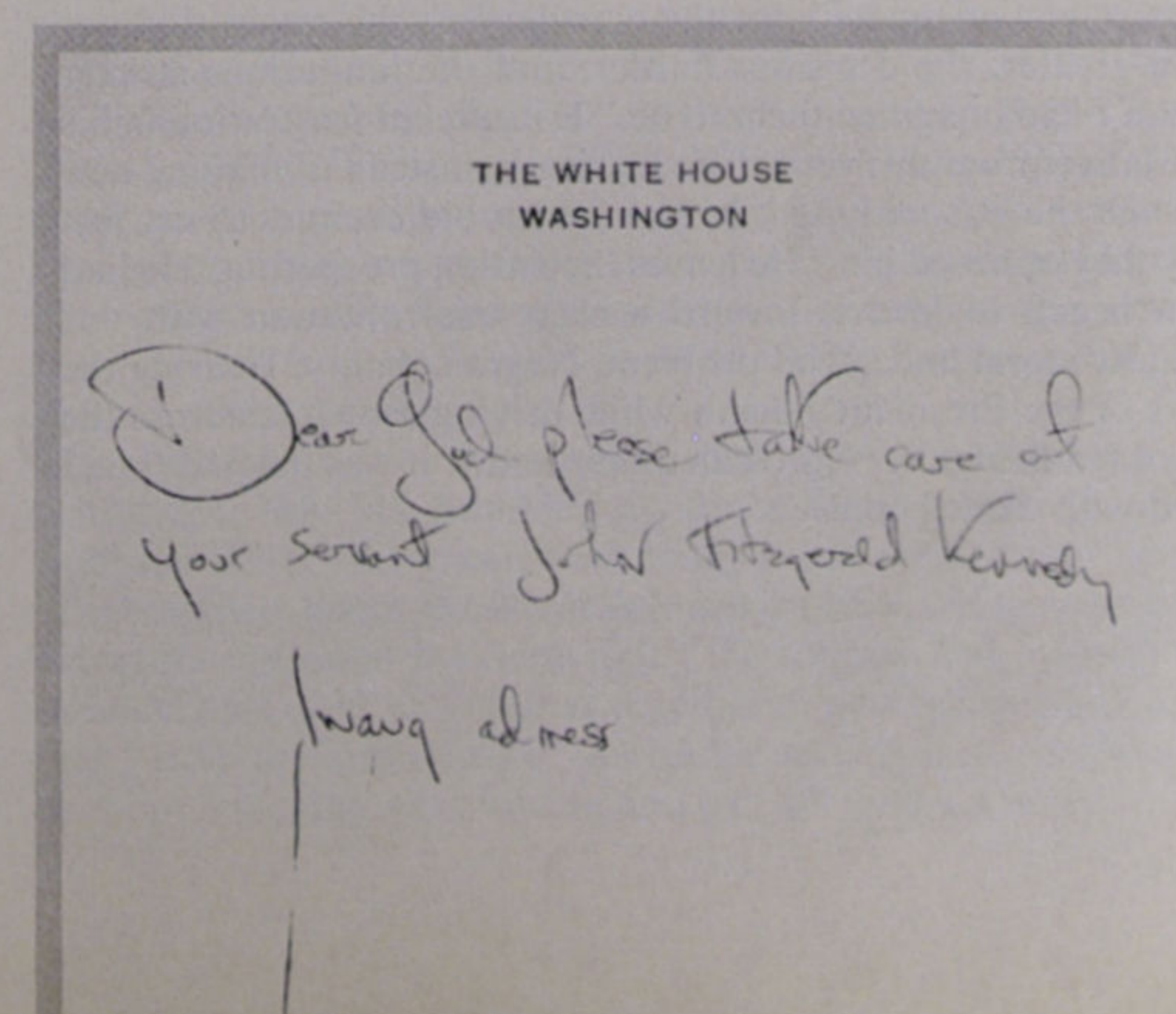
It was not quite over yet. Her superb sense of social fitness decreed that she must receive all the foreign dignitaries who had assembled from around the world to attend the funeral. "It would be most ungracious of me not to have all those people in our house," was the way she put it. And so, within minutes of her return from the grave, she was receiving Presidents De Gaulle of France and De Valera of Ireland and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia in the family apartment in the White House. Then she went to the Red Room with Edward Kennedy to shake hands and say a few words—in English or French or Spanish—to the other distinguished visitors who had honored her husband and the nation by their presence.

By 5 p.m. on Monday, Jacqueline Kennedy's public duties were finished. She left the White House late that night to stand by the grave and leave behind a sprig of lilies of the valley. Tuesday evening when the crowds had gone she took Caroline to see it. There would be many more visits. On one she came to see the reburial in Arlington of a stillborn child who was never named, and the infant Patrick—both moved from their graves so they would be near their father.



WIFE, MOTHER, NIECE. Three generations wait outside St. Matthew's for procession to cemetery. Behind

Mrs. Kennedy stands the President's mother, Sydney Lawford, daughter of Kennedy's sister Pat, is at rear.



A FINAL TASK. On White House stationery and in her own handwriting, Jacqueline Kennedy wrote instructions for the memorial programs to be placed on seats in cathedral. Below these words, excerpts from President's Inaugural Address were printed.

An Intelligent Courageous Presidency

Next to the incredulous shock and sorrow, perhaps the commonest emotion after President Kennedy's assassination was fury. It was the kind of helpless fury rational people feel at an irrational act. As Theodore Roosevelt wrote about the last assassination of a President, that of McKinley: "It was in the most naked way an assault not on power, not on wealth, but simply and solely upon free government, government by the common people, because it was government and because it yet stood for order as well as for liberty."

The American system has survived previous assassinations—three in a century—and will survive this one. These crimes disfigure our history, bloody reminders of the warped evil that can strike at even the stables and freest of human societies. Assassination cannot undermine the republic though it can martyr a leader. The crime of November 22, 1963, removed from the White House one of the most intelligent and attractive of our 35 Presidents, John F. Kennedy, to whom may God give rest.

Intelligence was the keynote of Kennedy's short presidency, and with it came a style, flair and excitement which had not been seen in the office for many years. Whatever you thought of John Kennedy's solutions, he grasped problems quickly, the great and little, and with the help of his high-caliber team was a master of their detail. He was beautifully equipped for the presidency. He had sought it hard and he liked it fine. "We learned from the Kennedy men that they play politics with a hard ball in the east," said a western governor after the 1960 convention. Kennedy sought it hard for the simple reason that the presidency meant power. He liked it fine because the power meant he could do something about "all the problems which if I was not the President, I would be concerned about as a father or citizen." He did not make the White House seem a prison or "the loneliest job in the world." He was at home there and made it a brighter place.

Nevertheless he soon found that the powers of the presidency are not what they had looked like from his seat in the Senate. Too much of the power was nuclear and not to be brandished; the rest, especially his power with Congress, proved elusive and hard to bring to bear. No experience, he admitted, "can possibly prepare you adequately for the presidency"; the responsibilities were greater, the decisions harder, and the limitations stricter "than I had imagined them to be." He suffered frustration in his legislative program; yet before his death, instead of making new enemies, he was making it harder for his old enemies to say just why they opposed him. He leaves the nation prosperous. He had even begun to lead it toward a clear confrontation with our greatest moral and social problem, Negro equality. Hearing the news of the President's death while driving a couple across the Brooklyn Bridge, a Negro cab driver said, "It was the first time I cried with white people."

Abroad, the shock disclosed more love and regard for President Kennedy than most Americans had known was there. "It seems as though all the presidents of all the Latin American countries have died," said a man in Bogotá. French leaders spoke of his "spiritual and intellectual aura"; the British Prime Minister called him "the best of allies"; and 60,000 Berliners thronged a great square to mourn the man who, two years ago, erased the deadline from Khrushchev's threat to their city. And Moscow too was grief-stricken because, said one citizen, "We Russians honored this man, and trusted him, like no other American before."

The world changed fast in Kennedy's three years. Whether or not he controlled these changes, he was never put off balance by them; and his courage in the Cuban missile showdown may have changed the history of the world. Although his détente with Khrushchev and his Alliance for Progress are precarious, and NATO is in trouble, he set some things in motion that time may give wings to; and nobody ever doubted the nobility of his aims. His inaugural called for "a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved. . . . In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course." He died before he could be judged a great President by his contemporaries. He could have become one.

One thing he left us beyond question: a high personal example of intelligence and grace in action. The rewards he found in his job, he said last month, were those of the Greek definition of happiness: "the full use of your powers along lines of excellence." His excellence was many sided. At Amherst, recently, he discussed the unpresidential subject of poetry. "When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. . . . I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty . . . which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens . . . which commands respect not only for its strength but for its civilization as well. And I look forward to a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction." John F. Kennedy had personal distinction, and his country and the world are the richer for it.

Before the 1960 convention, John Kennedy called Lyndon Johnson his No. 2 choice (after himself) for President. Johnson has some of Kennedy's qualities: self-confidence, energy, fondness for power, political professionalism. A professional politician's first duty, said Johnson last January, is "to appeal to the forces that unite us, and to channel the forces that divide us into paths where a democratic solution is possible. It is our obligation to resolve issues—not to create them." Of civil rights he has said, "As we maintain the vigil of peace, we must remember that justice is a vigil too. . . . In this hour it is not our respective races which are at stake—it is our nation."

President Johnson is now in a strong position to carry forward "the vigil of justice." He knows Congress, especially the Senate, as few politicians ever have. The long stalemate over civil rights was becoming an ugly stain on our democratic system at the time of Kennedy's death. Cannot this stain be removed by positive action now? Let President Johnson lead Congress and the nation on a new adventure in our old tradition of equality. More than any statue such action would be a fitting memorial to John F. Kennedy. More than any speech it would raise the hopes of the nation and the world that the presidency of Lyndon Johnson, whom God protect, is well begun.

The 72 Hours And What They Can Teach Us

It is as though the entire nation had been in Ford's Theater on April 14, 1865, and then at the barn-burning where John Wilkes Booth was killed two weeks later. It is as though we had marched all the way with the Lincoln funeral train from Washington to Springfield, Ill. Never has a whole nation lived a chapter of its history with such a searing immediacy. We shall all be marked by those 72 hours as long as we live.

Those who have longest to live—the tens of millions of children who suddenly saw the make-believe world of their familiar TV screens dissolve to the realities of death and fear and grief—will be marked the longest. And when they grow up, they may find in their own children's textbooks a different interpretation of these events than the one now burned on their young minds. For historians will sift the records again and again for fresh "insights," giving the story a different twist for each generation. Some, as Lloyd Lewis did in his *Myths after Lincoln*, may find in it the outlines of the most durable of ancient myths, the tribal sacrifice of a king or prince to appease unseen powers and insure the return of spring.

Even now the myths are forming in the American mind. And from the chaotic jumble of grotesque violence, pathos, stupidity, grandeur, pageant and tragedy, what we select to remember could have as great an influence on our political future as did the martyrdom of Lincoln. What then are the right things to remember? What ingredients will make the truest myth?

First, it was borne home to most Americans that they had in John F. Kennedy a more remarkable President than they had understood. Second was the revelation of how much the rest of the world respected him; the extraordinary spectacle of 220 foreign leaders at Arlington expressed more worldwide grief and concern than anyone knew existed. A third meaningful memory is the courage and dignity of Jacqueline Kennedy throughout her ordeal (see pp. 42, 43).

A fourth was the reminder—and it was needed—that ours is a remarkably shock-proof system of self-government. A crisis that would have crippled any dictatorship found a smooth transition to the presidency of Lyndon Johnson.

Why was this reminder needed? Because that bloody weekend started a current of fearful misgiving. Must there not be something wrong with a country that could let a brilliant President, and also his accused assassin, be killed against the laws and the general will? There is less world confidence in America today than two weeks ago. Time and Lyndon Johnson can no doubt win it back. But the current of fear and doubt was real; and Americans must get clear on who, or what, in our system was at fault for these crimes.

Since they happened in Dallas, the easy first assumption was that Kennedy was killed by an agent of the far-out right-wing or white-supremacy crowd. This conspiratorial hypothesis is still propagated by the Moscow radio, is widely believed in black Africa, and (because Oswald was killed while surrounded by Dallas policemen) is not entirely rejected in more sophisticated quarters even yet. More than a few American commentators have abetted this suspicion by rooting the crimes in racial

and political bigotry. Ralph McGill blamed it on the same "mosaic of hate" that caused violence in Birmingham and Jackson. Earl Warren blamed the "hatred and malevolence such as today are eating their way into the bloodstream of American life."

But this search for a guilty group or climate is a form of scapegoating. Respect for the truth is the foundation of justice, and the facts so far known show no connection whatever between either killer and any indigenous "hate group." Oswald was a misfit Marxist with a life-long persecution complex, a resentful loner who found an evil chance to employ his single skill—marksmanship—against the world's most valuable target. Ruby is an excessively gregarious and emotional pseudo-Texan who apparently wanted his name in the paper for what he stupidly believed to be a gallant or popular deed. These are both all too common types in the American psychic (but not political) spectrum. They prove nothing about the danger of "hate groups," or any groups, in American life.

To exculpate "extremist groups" for the tragedy is not to condone them. There is indeed an ugly fringe of fanaticism in American politics, and Mayor Cabell was quite right to urge Dallas citizens to "prayerful reflection" on any "intemperate word or deed." It was right for the governor of Georgia to tell his people that "the fanatics of today are the outgrowth of yesterday's false preachments." Lawlessness is a scourge of our democracy and this is the time for an examination of conscience to discipline its causes.

But what deeper flaw, what national guilt, will the examination isolate? It could be a truly tragic flaw, an inherent risk or price of our system. The citizens of Sophocles' Athens, and of Shakespeare's England, were purged, humbled and civilized by the high tragedies they saw on their stage: paradigms of life in which the agents of evil were not scapegoats but instruments of a fate beyond man's governance, a fate in part invited by the very nobility of the victim. The Kennedy martyrdom is a political tragedy of this classical kind. It is not a tragedy of bigotry or inferior police work; it is a tragedy of freedom. If a group scapegoat is needed, let it be the authors of the Bill of Rights who guaranteed all of us, including not-quite-certifiable madmen, the right to move freely and to bear arms.

Jack Kennedy was debonair and somewhat fatalistic about his personal security. He often remarked that a determined assassin could get him; he removed that bubble from the limousine because he knew the ultimate safety of an American President lies in the people's respect for the office to which they have elected him. All but a few Americans felt that respect. Most of Dallas cheered him in the morning and wept for him in the afternoon.

The East German imitation of *Pravda*, a paper called *New Germany*, headed its editorial on the Kennedy tragedy "And They Want To Teach Us Freedom." After the usual libels ("A state in which murder and mayhem reign," etc.), it comes to a conclusion which seems closer than some of our pundits to the truth of the matter. Kennedy, said *New Germany*, was a victim of that very freedom which, in West Berlin last summer, he praised as the highest good.

For that he was a martyr. For that this tribe sacrificed its prince. For that fate humbled us. But a tragic humbling, after rigorous self-scrutiny, can both temper and confirm our sense of the highest good. President Johnson in his moving speech to Congress expressed the hope that "the tragedy and torment of these terrible days will bind us together in new fellowship," and that "from the brutal loss of our leader we will derive not weakness but strength—that we can and will act, and act now."



WITH THE BRITISH. On the receiving line, Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk receive condolences of Ambassador Ormsby-Gore, Prime Minister Douglas-Home, Prince Philip.

STRONG EUROPEANS. Charles de Gaulle, whose differences with John Kennedy were growing before the President's death, accosts German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard (left).

THE NEW CHIEF MOVED BOLDLY TO HIS BIG TASKS

Now the business of government and diplomacy had to begin again, and President Johnson moved in swiftly to take charge. Within two hours after the funeral he was building his foreign policy and establishing international rapport at his first state reception where he met with the greatest assemblage of foreign dignitaries Washington has ever seen. Among them were President Charles de Gaulle of France, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of Germany, Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home of Britain, First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan of the Soviet Union, and heads of state and government of lesser powers from Yemen to Korea. They had come to pay their respects to President Kennedy, but they needed assurance that his death would not disrupt the continuity of U.S. foreign policy.

The assurance President Johnson gave to all at the reception—

and in private meetings with a few—was quite simple. As he stressed to Mikoyan, there would be no change from the policies laid down by his predecessor.

This pledge of continuity then became the theme of a ringing speech the President delivered to a joint session of Congress. He called upon his old colleagues in the House and Senate to translate the Kennedy legislative program into action with all possible speed—most particularly urging quick passage of the civil rights and tax-cut bills. And then he said to the people: "Let us put an end to the teaching and preaching of hate and evil and violence. Let us turn away from . . . those who pour venom into our nation's bloodstream."

ORIENTAL WELL-WISHER. At meeting with Japanese Premier Hayato Ikeda, Johnson gets encouragement.



TALK WITH NEIGHBOR. After reception, President spends 15 minutes with Canada's Prime Minister Pearson.

SOVIET SYMPATHY. Mikoyan gets in his own diplomacy with Averell Harriman (left) and Laborite Wilson.



LADY BIRD TOOK ON HER ROLE WITH A SURE HAND

Propelled suddenly into her role as the First Lady, Mrs. Johnson moved calmly with an assurance acquired as the helpmate of the senator and Vice President. She had gone everywhere with her husband when he traveled on missions for President Kennedy, sharing her good looks and warm Texas charm with people all over the world. As hostess at her husband's first presidential reception, she was gracefully at ease with Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands (*right*) and Queen Frederika of Greece, talking at left with CIA Director John McCone. President Johnson has been called probably the best-prepared President ever to enter the White House and his Lady Bird also brings her own special flair.



1960 WITH KENNEDY. Johnson and late President became the Democratic ticket in Los Angeles' Coliseum. They had fought each other for presidential nomination, but after convention Johnson became indispensable Kennedy vote-getter.



1937 WITH ROOSEVELT. Johnson greeted F.D.R. in Galveston as President debarked from yacht. F.D.R. had appointed Johnson to his first government post in National Youth Administration and helped the young Texan win in his first campaign.

A tough and skillful legislator who knew four Presidents well,
he made his way up from a frame house in Texas

LYNDON JOHNSON'S LIFE

The new President has worked with four previous ones, and in those years that carried him from Texas to the White House he grew from a bright and agile freshman congressman to one of the most skillful, subtle and effective legislators in our history.

Franklin Roosevelt found him first. When Johnson in 1938 ran for Congress as a New Deal liberal and won out in a big field of Texas conservatives, Roosevelt was so pleased with his victory that he gave him a lift to Washington on the presidential train. Johnson was in the House for 12 years—with time off to become its first member to go to World War II—and then in 1948 was elected senator. In 1953 he became minority leader in a Republican Senate. When the Democrats won the Senate, he took over the caught-in-the-middle job of majority leader under an opposite-party President. By now he had become a superbly canny manager and manipulator of votes in the hard-bargaining cloakrooms of Congress, and

he served with such diligence that President Eisenhower called him "the best Democrat in the Senate."

When Johnson became Vice President in 1960, he ranged the world, bringing his openhanded approach to new nations—Senegal, Vietnam, Pakistan—which had become constituents to woo and win in a totally new kind of global politics.

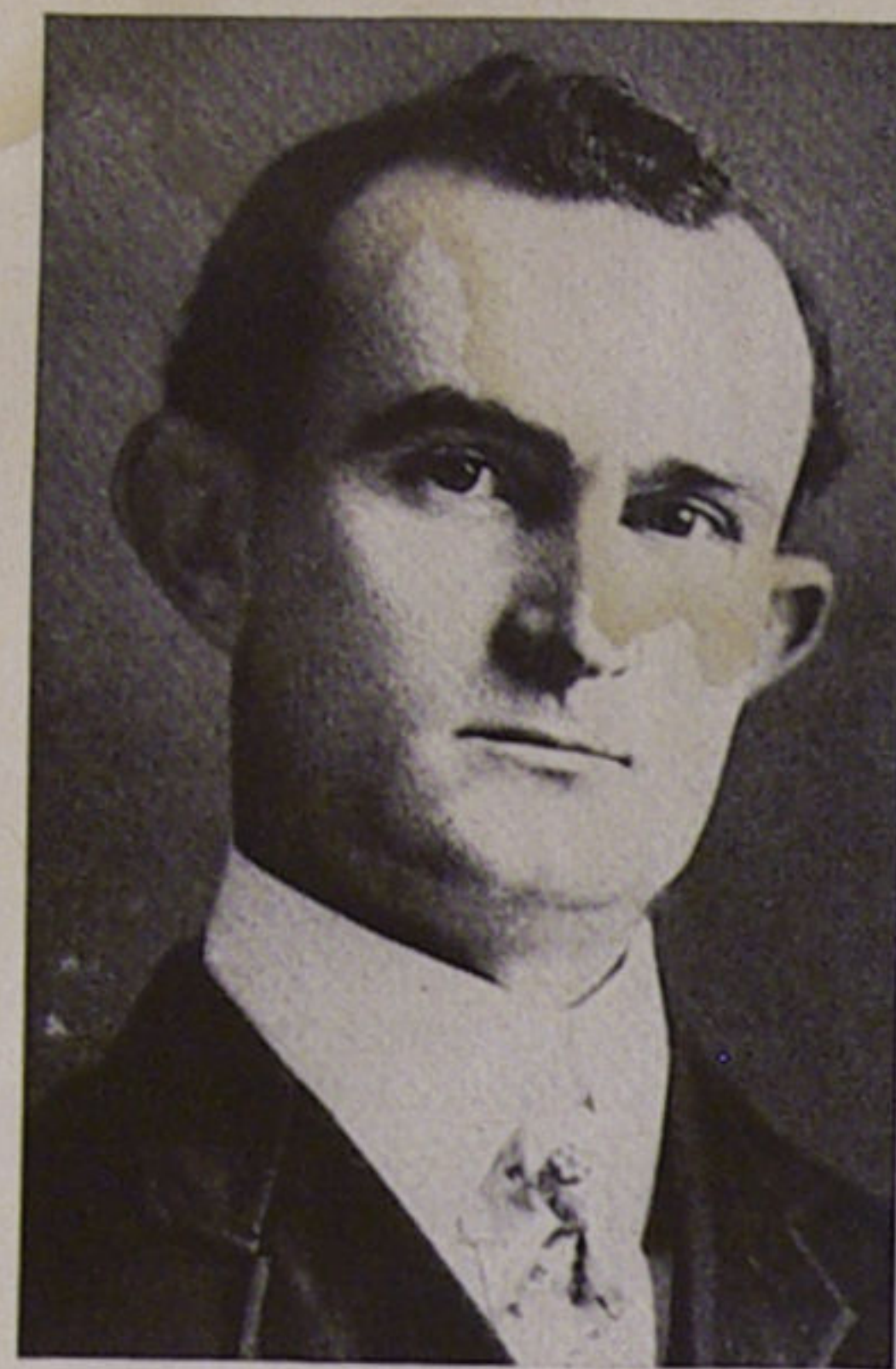
Like two of his predecessors, Eisenhower and Truman, Johnson was plain-born—in a frame house not far from the Texas ranch he owns today. Like Eisenhower, he survived a heart attack and went on strong as ever. Like Kennedy, he served in the Navy in World War II and has kept up a surpassing interest in the frontiers of the nation's defense—and its newest frontiers in space. He matured in the tough and fiercely demanding world of politics to become the man who could say that "by personal choice I am a Democrat. But I am a free man, an American and a Democrat, in that order."



1956 WITH EISENHOWER. Johnson attends meeting on President's program. As leader of a Democratic Congress under a Republican, he pushed Ike programs such as NATO, foreign aid.



1960 WITH TRUMAN. During preconvention campaign, Johnson lunched with old friend ex-President Truman. Under Truman he had been majority whip even though he was freshman senator.



FATHER. Sam Ealy Johnson Jr. was a schoolteacher, farmer and five-term member of the Texas state legislature.

HOMESTEAD. Holding up daughter Lynda Bird for family album picture, Johnson stands in front of grandfather's log cabin. Uncle Tom Johnson is at left and next to him is L.B.J.'s mother. At right is wife Lady Bird. Others are neighborhood oldtimers.

The Baby Boy Was 'Born To Be a



BABY LYNDON. When Lyndon was born, his grandfather announced, "A U.S. senator was born this morning."

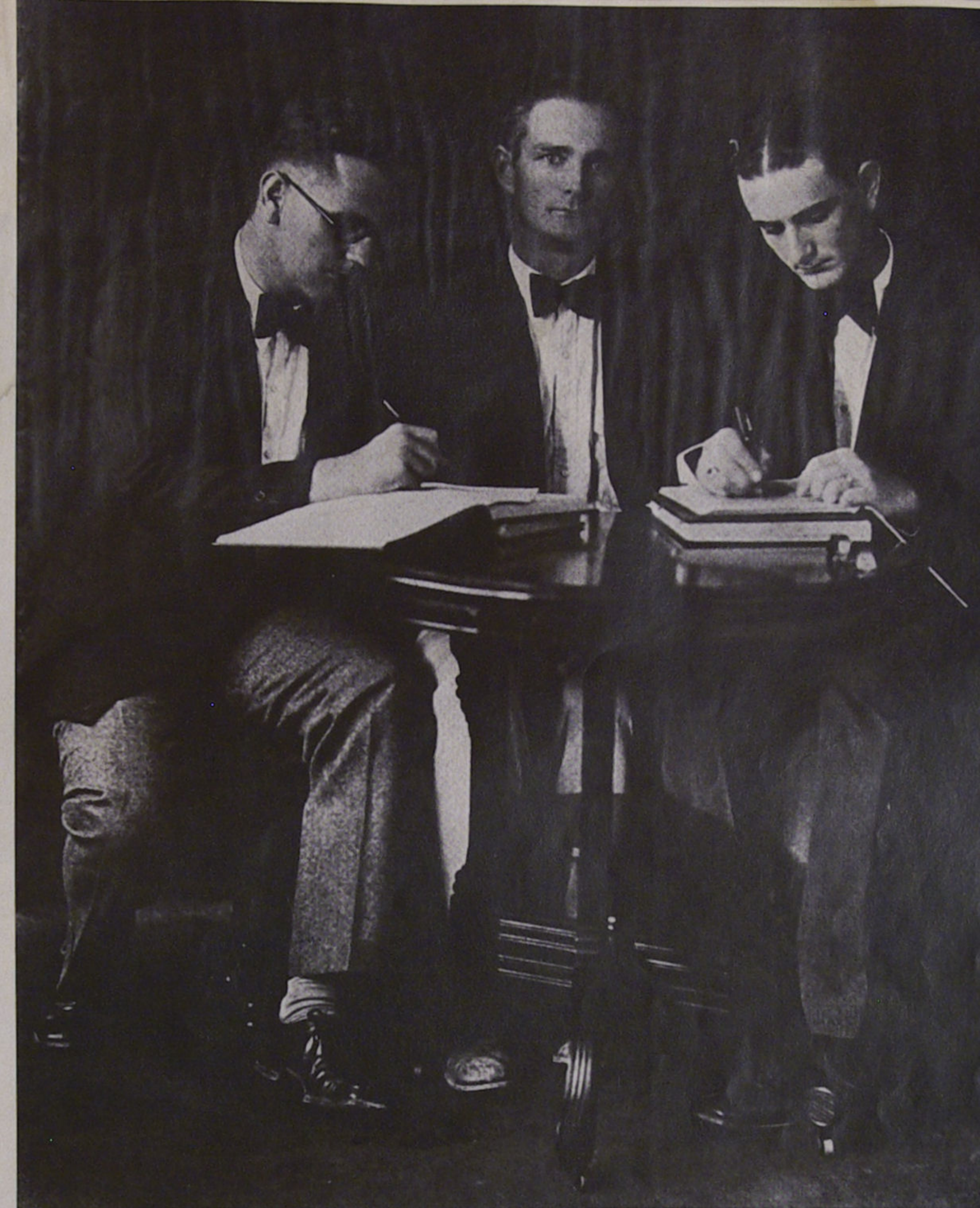


TEACHER. To earn money for tuition fees, Johnson (*above, center*) took a year off from college to teach school

Senator'



in the little village of Cotulla in south Texas near Mexican border. Here he sits amid the three grades he taught.



DEBATER. In 1928, Johnson (*above, right*) was a star on the Southwest Texas State Teachers College team.

NAVY OFFICER. Commissioned Lt. Commander three days after Pearl Harbor, Johnson served for seven

months as special presidential emissary before being recalled to Congress. Here he tours the New Guinea front.



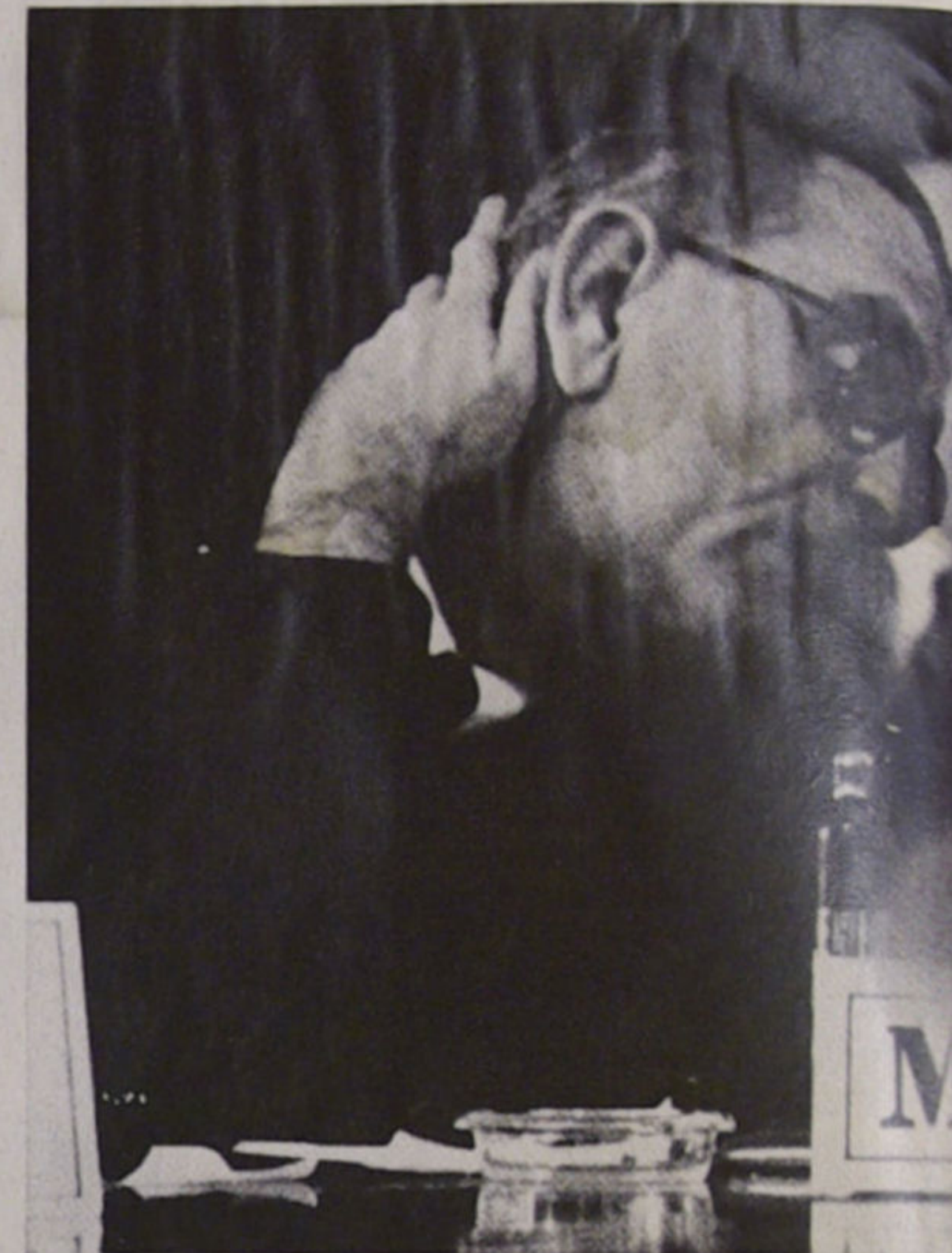
False Start,

But Once He Was In, the Senate Was All His

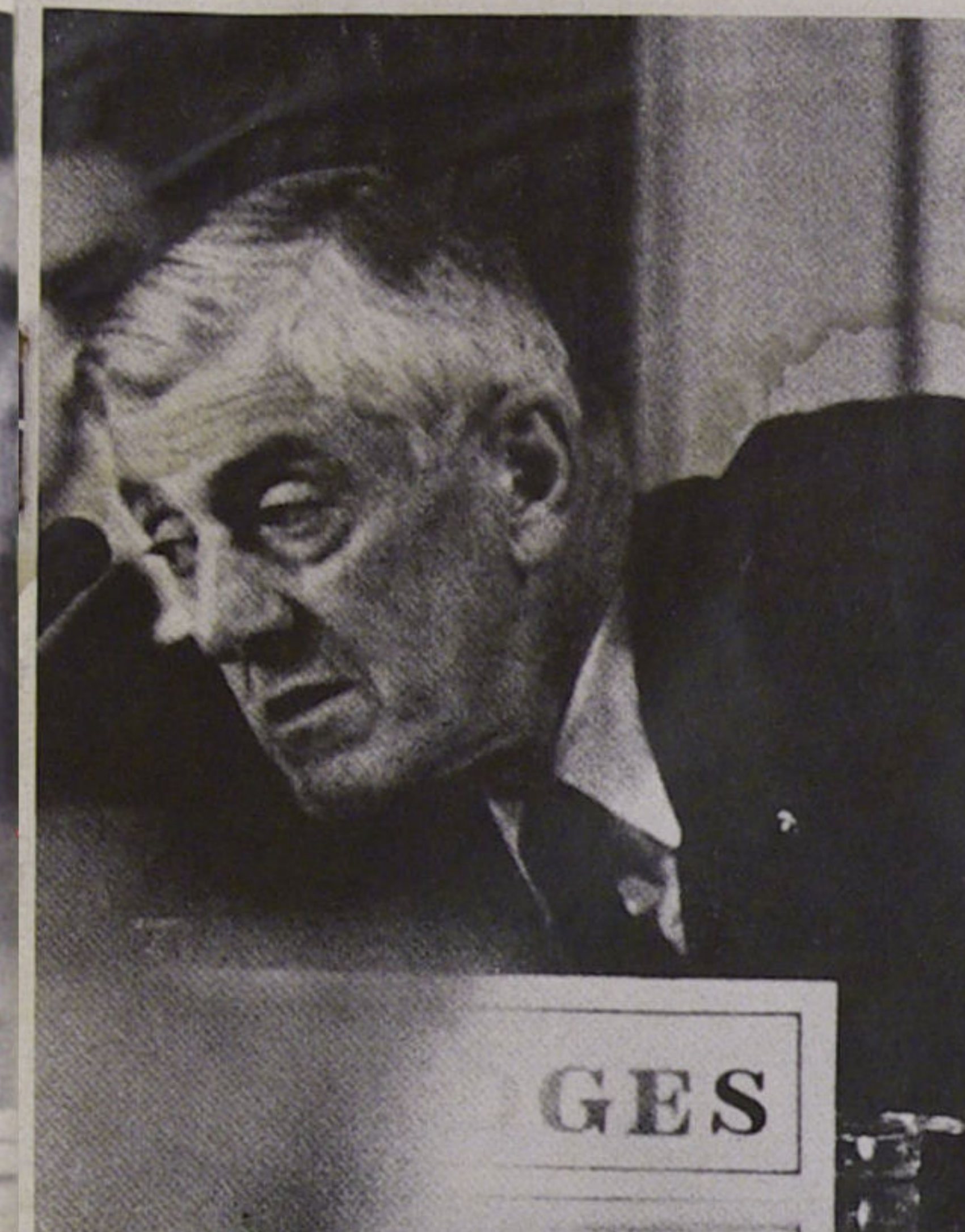


FALSE VICTORY. Running for Senate in 1941, Johnson whooped it up (*above*) when he thought he won. Recount showed he lost. He won in 1948.

OLD CRONIES. In 1960, Johnson hobnobs with Sam Rayburn (*below, left*) and Stuart Symington. Speaker Rayburn was his political godfather.



INVESTIGATOR. At 1958 hearings of his subcommittee examining nation's defense strength, Johnson whispers to Senator Leverett Saltonstall.



AFTER HEART ATTACK. In hospital (*below*) following 1955 coronary, Johnson talks with Vice President Nixon. He made a complete recovery.



PARTY BOSS. At 1956 dinner, Johnson herds Louisiana Senator Allen Ellender into a corner for some heavy coaxing. As Senate leader, Johnson

displayed unparalleled skill at keeping his fellow Democrats in line by thorough staff work, persuasiveness and his own great political power.

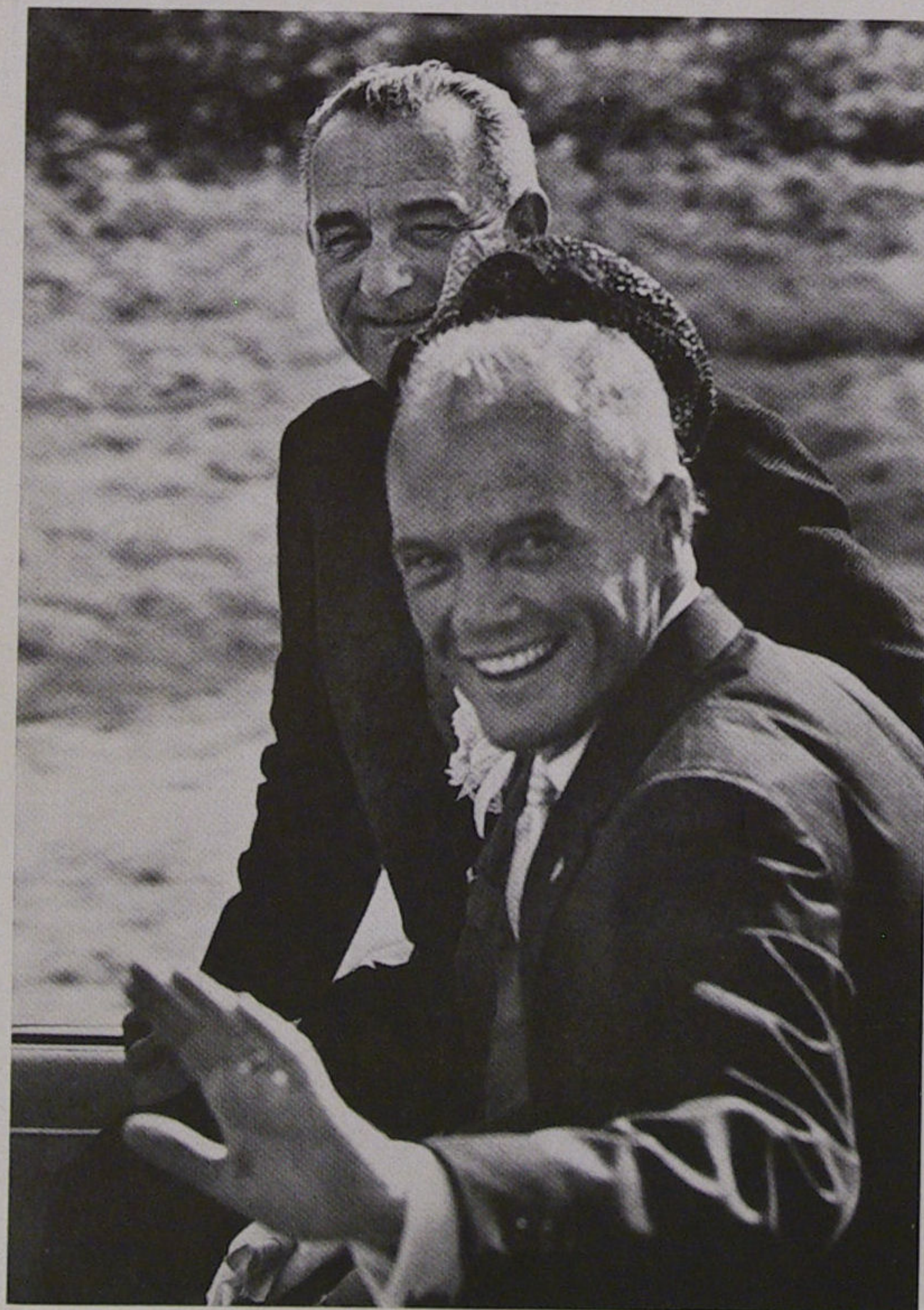


As Vice President He Circled the Globe and



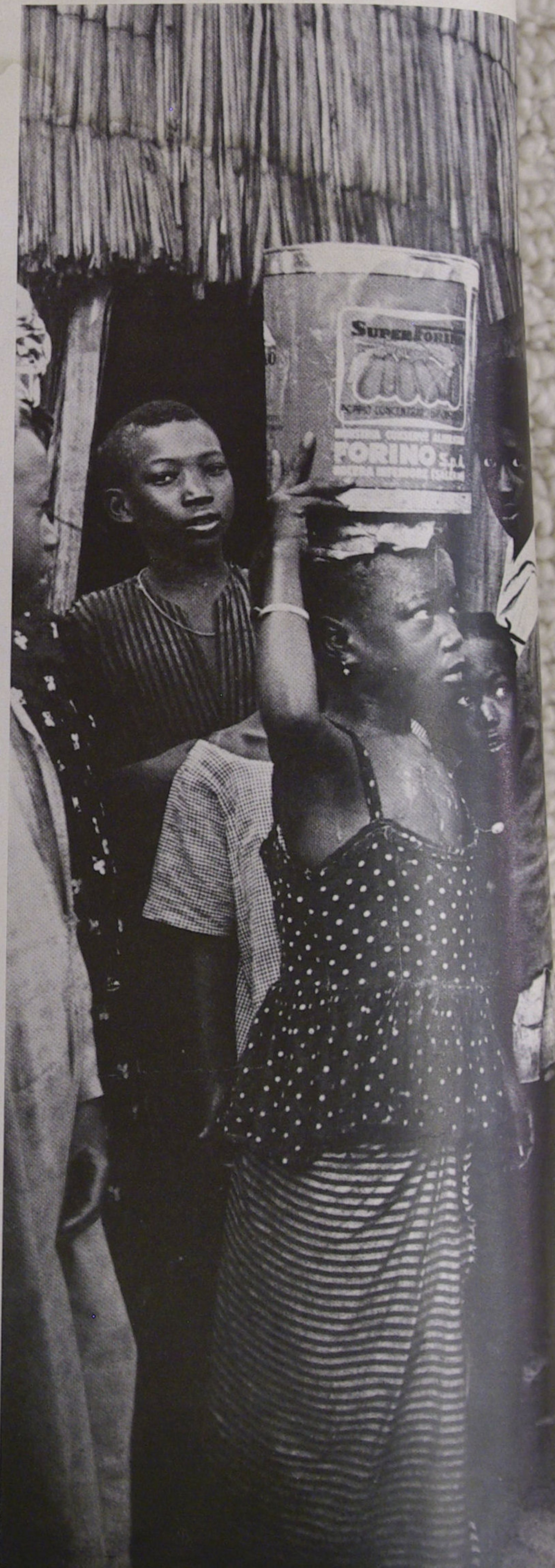
HELP FOR A POET. At inauguration, Vice President Johnson tries to shade manuscript being read by Robert

Frost. But glaring January sun proved too much for the old poet's eyes and he had to recite verse from memory.



WITH ASTRONAUT. After Lt. Colonel John Glenn's 1962 three-orbit flight around earth, Johnson joins him

in Cape Canaveral parade. As Vice President, he headed Space Council, which guided U.S. space programs.

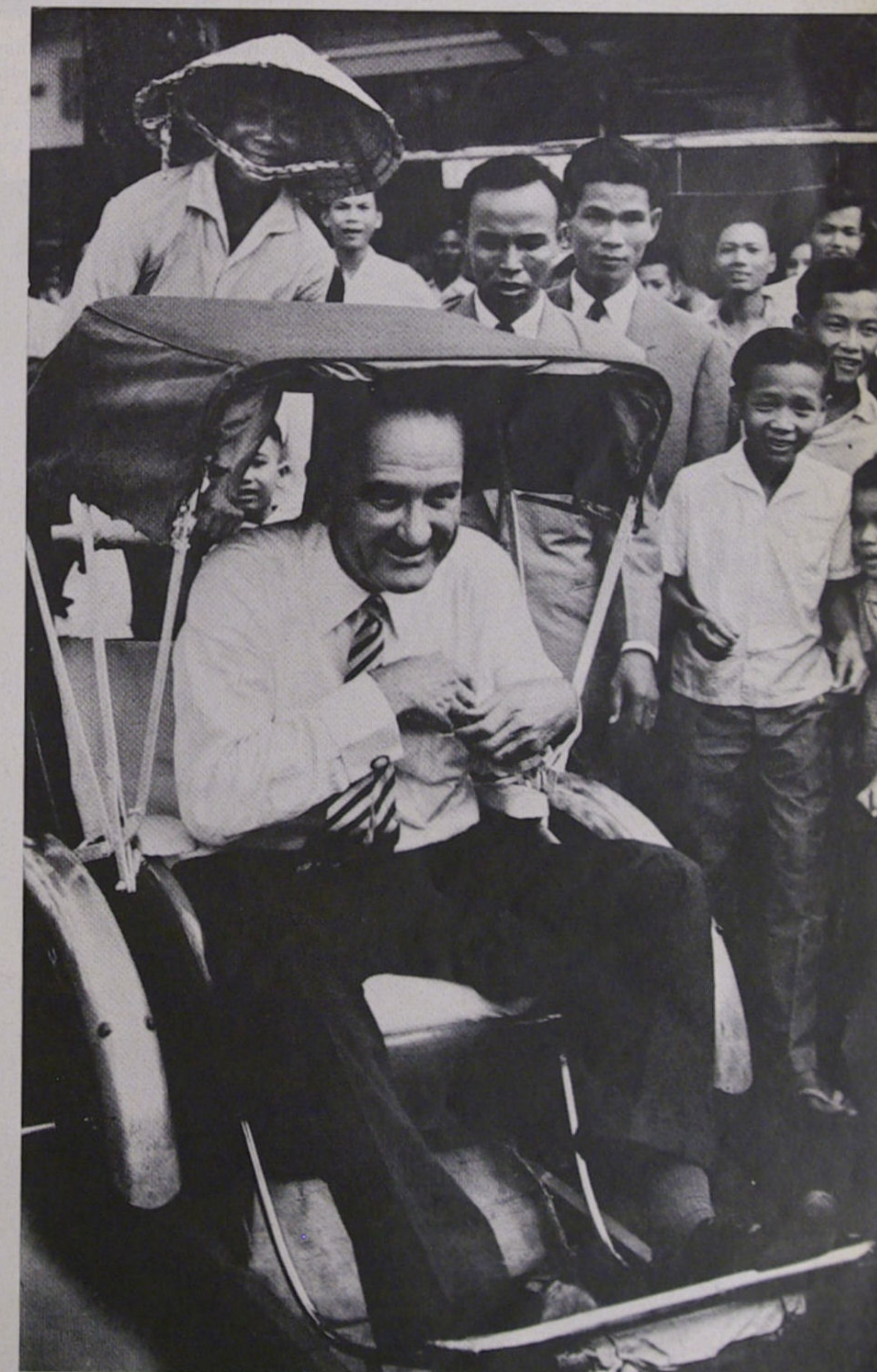


Kept an Eye on Space



PLAYING TEXAS HOST. Entertaining Konrad Adenauer during the German chancellor's 1961 visit to the

U.S., Johnson showed him Texas hospitality with a big public barbecue at the Gillespie County Fair Grounds.



IN AFRICA. Visiting Senegal in 1961, Vice President makes friends with child in the fishing village of Kayar.

IN VIETNAM. Crouching in undersized pedicab, Johnson sightsees in Saigon on 1961 Southeast Asia trip.



AT THE RANCH. Resting up for the 1960 convention, Johnson packed Lady Bird and daughter Lucy Baines into an old Ford for a spin on their LBJ ranch near Johnson City, Texas.

KISS FOR A QUEEN. Johnson planted a proud father's kiss on the dimpled cheek of daughter Lynda Bird, then 17, when she was named Azalea Festival Queen at Norfolk, Va. in 1961.

ALL THE LBJs. Lyndon B., Lucy Baines, Lynda Bird and Lady Bird all gather at the fence of their 400-acre ranch. Most of their hunting dogs also have names with LBJ initials.



A Family

Man, He Enjoys His Big Home on the Range



THE ASSASSIN: A COLD, LONE MAN

The incredible event had an incredible sequel. Lee Harvey Oswald, held as the assassin of President Kennedy, was being taken from a Dallas jail when a man stepped up, shot and killed him. The avenger was Jack Ruby, owner of a Dallas nightclub.

The assassination of President Kennedy—the crime charged to Lee Harvey Oswald—must have been the act of a man who for a long time had harbored wild thoughts but had kept them hidden, churning deep within himself. There was much in Lee's history, in his angry and disorganized intelligence, that would point toward the deed that would horrify the world.

His father, Robert, an insurance salesman, dropped dead of a heart attack in the summer of 1939. Lee was born in October. His handsome blond mother Marguerite Oswald had two older sons to support besides the infant Lee and only \$3,000 from a small insurance policy, most of which went toward medical and burial bills.

Times were hard and Mrs. Oswald sold their small frame house. She began a dreary succession of badly paying jobs in New Orleans, New York and Texas. When Lee was 5 they were living in Fort Worth, and even then he was swimming against the current.

"Other kids teased him because he was so bright," his mother remembered after his arrest. And, near hysteria, she still summoned every ounce of a mother's will to remember only the good things about her son. "He learned to read by himself," she said, "before he even went to school. He was always wanting to know about important things."

Teachers and classmates remember Lee as a "loner," bookish and introspective, resentful of discipline. When he was about 15, a key event in his life took place. From somewhere he obtained a pamphlet about the Rosenberg spy case. It was a passionate argument that the two Russian spies

were innocent and had been railroaded to the electric chair.

"I still remember that pamphlet," he said in later years. "Then I discovered one book in the library, Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. It was what I'd been looking for. It was like a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time."

Frequently Lee came home with torn clothes and a bloody nose. He admitted that he had been fighting, but he would tell his mother:

"You don't understand, and they don't understand."

Just before his 17th birthday, he entered the 10th grade at Arlington Heights High School in Fort Worth.

"He was always bored and restless in school," his mother says. "He used to come home and say, 'I already know all the stuff they're teaching. Why bother with that?' Then he'd go off to the library and read. Not trivial things. Deep stuff, histories, biographies, politics. The school couldn't interest him. Nowadays they have special classes for gifted students, not then..."

If Lee Oswald's intelligence was above average, his report cards were not. He was getting mostly C's and D's and was in danger of failing when he came home one day and told his mother that he was going to enlist in the Marine Corps. "I just want to do something different," he said. Mrs. Oswald wept as he went off. He was trained at camps in the U.S., then shipped to Japan as an electronics technician. His letters to his mother indicate that he was alternately content and dissatisfied with the Marines. He did not tell her that he had stood two courts martial, one for failing to register a pistol, the other for getting into a row with a noncom.

He was a good Marine," claims Mrs. Oswald. "He got the good conduct medal and he participated in

that Formosa business. He fought hard for his country." Some of those who served with him, however, remember him in a different light. "We were trained to work as a team," recalled one, "but Oswald seemed to be different. He was always separate from most of the men and didn't have any close friends that I remember." Another mentions Oswald's bitterness at the tough time his mother had had when he was a small child.

While Lee was in Japan, Mrs. Oswald reached up for a heavy candy carton one day in the store where she worked. The box toppled down and struck her in the head. She was in bed for six months and, very quickly, was destitute. Lee, who had by that time returned to California with still another year to go on his hitch, obtained a special hardship discharge to provide for her. He came home for exactly three days.

What Mrs. Oswald did not know—what nobody knew—was that a cancerous idea now totally absorbed the mind of her strange and withdrawn son. The seeds planted by the Rosenberg pamphlet had germinated: Lee had become enchanted by Communism. He went to New Orleans, got a job on a freighter and one month later, in October 1959, turned up in Russia announcing that he wished to give up his American citizenship and become a Russian citizen.

Marguerite Oswald learned of her son's defection when a newspaper reporter called.

"They said, 'Your son's defected to Russia.' I told them they were crazy. But then I learned it was true. I couldn't understand it. I can't understand anything."

A correspondent named Priscilla Johnson, who was stationed in Moscow when Oswald arrived, remembered him vividly. "He was the most interesting defector I ever saw," she said. "Of the three or four defectors I saw, he was the only ideological one. . . . He talked in terms of capitalists and exploiters and he said something about he was sure that if he lived in the U.S. he wouldn't get a job, that he'd be one of the exploited. . . . He was like a babe in the woods, a lost child."

But there was more to Oswald than that, Miss Johnson found: "As I talked to him, I realized he had a sort of vein in him that was beyond reason, maybe that was fanatic."

PRO-CASTRO KILLER. Oswald gave out leaflets favoring Cuba in New Orleans last August. He was arrested a few days earlier for brawling, questioned by FBI.

The Russians would not grant Oswald citizenship but allowed him to stay on as a resident alien. He went to Minsk and, a year and a half later, married a pretty, blond, hazel-eyed practicing pharmacist named Marina.

While he was in Minsk he wrote a letter that one day would be dug out of his Pentagon files and read again in a new and terrible light. He had learned that his hardship discharge from the Marines had been changed to "Undesirable" because of his defection, and his letter of protest against the action was directed to John Connally, who he thought was still Secretary of the Navy. There was this key phrase: "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice."

He also joined a rifle club and became an expert marksman. (As a Marine he had made only average scores.) He later told a Dallas friend:

"One of the things I didn't like about Russia was that the government wouldn't let you own a rifle. Only shotguns. So I joined a rifle club."

He was also distressed about falling hair. He said the cold Russian winters were making him bald. And he found in Russia what he had found in the U.S.: he was still an outsider.

"People mistrusted him," his Russian wife was to recall. "We didn't have many friends." He actually discovered himself defending America at some parties and in conversations with fellow workers. Disenchanted, he decided to return to the United States with his wife and the daughter that had been born to them. But he had neither money nor permission. In early 1962 he wrote his mother of his difficulties in getting out.

Mrs. Oswald had by that time almost given up on her son.

"But he asked me to help," she said the other day. "And what mother could turn down her son? I went to 12 prominent people in Fort Worth and begged for money, for help, for advice. They said, 'Your son's a Communist. We don't want to help him.' I said, 'If a man was drowning, would you help him first, or ask his political beliefs? He made a mistake, now he wants to rectify it.'"

As it has done in many similar cases, the State Department lent Oswald money to get home, and in June 1962 Lee brought his family to Fort Worth, where he joined his mother.

"He didn't say much about living in Russia," she said. "He just introduced his wife and baby and said he wanted to find a job. He had an awful time getting work. People didn't like the idea of him having a Russian wife. They were awful to him and her. Finally he got a job in a sheet metal factory, I think, but he only stayed a month or so." In late 1962 Lee got a

WHO RESENTED ALL AUTHORITY

by THOMAS THOMPSON

job in a Dallas photo processing plant. His wife became pregnant again.

Lee was fired from his Dallas job in April when his past became known, and he moved his family to New Orleans. They took a small apartment and he found a similar job. For the first time in his life he became politically active. He got involved with the pro-Castro "Fair Play for Cuba" organization. After a street scuffle with anti-Castro elements he was fined \$10 for disorderly conduct. Later he appeared on a local TV panel show, defending his pro-Castro sentiments.

By early fall, the Oswalds were broke and Marina was nearly ready to have their second child. She returned to Texas to stay with friends in Irving, a suburb of Dallas. Lee promised to follow as soon as he was financially able. He said he had other matters to clear up in New Orleans.

Early last month, in the first week of October, Lee appeared in Dallas and telephoned his wife.

"I'm going to look for a job and get some place to live," he told her. "As soon as I'm able, we'll get the family together." He went to a red-brick rooming house at 1026 N. Beckley Ave. in nearby suburban Oak Cliff and rented a tiny cubicle of a room.

He gave his name falsely as O. H. Lee and paid a week's rent—\$8—in advance. His room was hardly larger than a closet and it was furnished sparsely, an iron single bed painted cream with the paint peeling off, a dilapidated dresser and a closet-cabinet. In the month and a half he spent at the rooming house, Lee was quiet and hardly noticed.

"He left every morning for work—he never told anybody where he worked," his landlady recalled. "But he got up, took a bath and he always washed the tub out. The only guest who did. Some nights he'd come out in the living room and watch TV. Mostly he'd come home from work, make himself a lunch-meat sandwich and lie on his bed reading or writing."

"Sometimes he'd make a telephone call and we'd hear him talking. It was some foreign language, Russian or German or something. We always wondered who he was talking to."

On weekends, Lee would go to Irving and see his wife and his two daughters and his friends, Mike and Ruth Payne. There he would watch the football game on TV or talk politics.

The weekend before last, Lee visited his family in Irving and told them things were finally looking up. He told Marina that they would be going out soon to look for an apartment and buy Christmas presents for the children. He lifted up his infant daughter Rachel and laughed loudly.



© BY THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS, STAFF PHOTO BY JACK BEANS-AP WIREPHOTO

OSWALD'S SHOOTING. Nightclub operator Jack Ruby (right) shoots the assassin as he is being moved from jail. Oswald died in same hospital as the President.

When he left to return to his tiny room and another week of work, he seemed in high spirits.

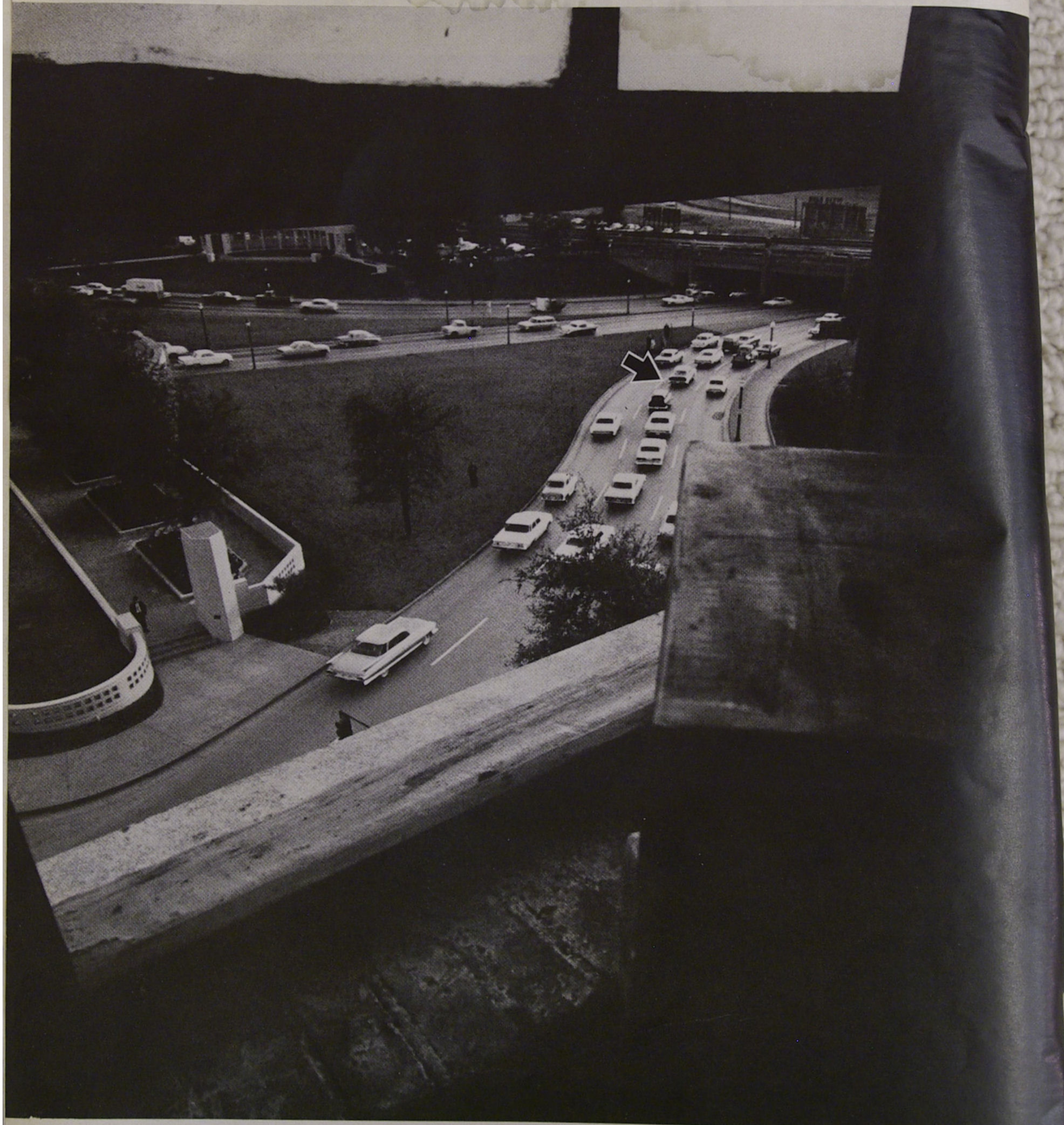
That was the last Lee Harvey Oswald's wife saw of him until he was under arrest, charged with the murder of President Kennedy. Afterward she wept and managed a few words of English: "I love Lee. Lee good man. He didn't do anything." And his mother pointed at the television set and screamed: "My boy couldn't

have killed the President. I know him. Nobody else knows him. He's been persecuted so long."

But slowly, methodically the police were building their case—connecting Oswald with the mail-order purchase of a rifle like the one that fired the fatal bullet, placing him on the scene of the shooting with a long parcel the size and shape of a rifle, comparing his palm-marks with one found on the murder weapon, finding traces of burned powder on his hands. Then the police turned up the most dam-

ing evidence of all. It was a snapshot of Oswald showing him holding a rifle that apparently was identical with the one that killed the President. But before the district attorney of Dallas County could demand the death penalty, Lee Harvey Oswald, who had achieved such horrifying fame, himself was dead.

FIRST ANSWERS TO THE NAGGING RUMORS



ASSASSIN'S VIEW. This picture, taken a few hours after the shooting, shows what Oswald saw from his

sniper's nest in a corner of the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository as the President's motorcade

moved past. He sat hidden by book cartons waiting for the motorcade with his gun braced for a steady shot.

WHAT LAY BEHIND SIX CRUCIAL SECONDS

by PAUL MANDEL

"I would say without any doubt that he is the killer."

—DALLAS DISTRICT ATTORNEY WADE

The Dallas D.A. was satisfied, but nobody else was. President Johnson wasn't. He convened a formal investigation and promised to make all evidence public. Congress wasn't. Senator James O. Eastland's Judiciary Committee plans to examine the double murder. Even Texas wasn't. The state's attorney general has ordered an inquiry. The public especially wasn't satisfied and, accordingly, it was a week of breathless rumors: that Oswald had been a hired killer; that Oswald had used an accomplice; that Oswald had not killed the President at all; that Oswald had been framed and then shot to silence him. The rumors grew because the best evidence which could dissolve them, the contents of Oswald's mind, was now irretrievable. But even though the investigations were just under way, there was already enough other evidence on hand to answer some of the hard questions.

Was it really Oswald who shot the President?

Yes. The evidence against him is circumstantial and it received an incredibly bush-league battering around by the Dallas police, but it appears to be positive.

Three shots were fired. Two struck the President, one Governor Connally. All three bullets have been recovered—one, deformed, from the floor of the limousine; one from the stretcher that carried the President; one that entered the President's body. All were fired from the 6.5mm Carcano carbine which Lee Oswald bought by mail last March.

The murder weapon, although subsequently manhandled for the benefit of TV, still showed Oswald's palm print. His own carbine was missing from its usual place. A witness had seen him bring a long, gun-sized package to work. And threads from Oswald's clothing were found in the warehouse sniper's nest.

Many rumors have grown out of the presumed difficulty of firing three accurate shots in the time Oswald had and at the ranges over which he fired. But an 8mm film of the assassination (see pp. 4-7) provides a frame-by-frame chronology of events, and from the movie camera's known speed of 18 frames a second—two frames a second faster than it should have run—it is possible to reconstruct the precise timing and placing and feasibility of the shots.

The first strikes the President, 170 feet away, in the throat; 74 frames later the second fells Governor Connally; 48 frames after that the third,

over a distance of 260 feet, hits the President's head. From first to second shot 4.1 seconds elapse; from second to third, 2.7 seconds. Altogether, the three shots take 6.8 seconds—time enough for a trained sharpshooter, even through the bobbing field of a telescopic sight.

Clayton E. Wheat Jr., director of the National Rifle Association, fired an identical-make rifle with an identical sight against a moving target over similar ranges for LIFE last week. He got three hits in 6.2 seconds.

Oswald was an ex-Marine sharpshooter, and he was firing from a perfect sniper's position. He had piled some boxes to prevent being seen from an adjoining building. He had put another box off in a corner so he could sit on it and look out the window—again so as not to be seen. Finally, in front of the window he had stacked three boxes as a rest for his carbine. Two big pipes ran vertically along a wall near his window, natural braces for a shoulder. His position while shooting at a car going away to his right would have been comfortable and rock-steady, and Oswald had both the time and the ability to zero in three times.

The description of the President's two wounds by a Dallas doctor who tried to save him have added to the rumors. The doctor said one bullet passed from back to front on the right side of the President's head. But the other, the doctor reported, entered the President's throat from the front and then lodged in his body.

Since by this time the limousine was 50 yards past Oswald and the President's back was turned almost directly to the sniper, it has been hard to understand how the bullet could enter the front of his throat. Hence the recurring guess that there was a second sniper somewhere else. But the 8mm film shows the President turning his body far around to the right as he waves to someone in the crowd. His throat is exposed—toward the sniper's nest—just before he clutches it.

Had authorities been watching Oswald?

They had—but not when it mattered. Oswald first came to the FBI's attention when he tried to defect to Russia in October 1959. On Aug. 10 this year the FBI interviewed him again, in New Orleans, after he had been arrested for passing out pro-Castro leaflets. On Sept. 26 Oswald went to Mexico and stayed there for one week trying to get a visa either to Cuba or to the Soviet Union, and likely, U.S. agents were again interested in what he was up to.

But the fact seems to be that whoever was keeping an eye on Oswald before he returned to Dallas in October quit when he got there. The FBI did not advise the Dallas police that he was in town—if they themselves

knew his whereabouts. Dallas police insist, "We never heard of him until after the shooting."

Did Oswald have help?

No. The rumors include a mysterious Cuban named "Scentor"; an unidentified millionaire right-winger; Oswald's killer, Jack Ruby; and Oswald's wife. So far the police and federal investigators, chasing down hundreds of leads, have found no actual links to anybody.

Despite previous reports, Oswald evidently did not know Ruby and had never been in his club. Oswald's wife seems to have been generally ignorant about his activities and particularly about his assassination plot. When police officers came to ask her, after the shooting, whether her husband had a gun, she said he had, led them to the place where Oswald usually kept his carbine—and gasped, as they did, to find that it was not there and that she had hopelessly incriminated her husband.

There still are gaps in the story of Oswald's associations. Unemployed, he nevertheless came by enough money to travel to Mexico. A man with no previous pattern of hiding, he used an alias while rooming alone in a Dallas rooming house. It may turn out that Oswald was indeed associated with secret organizations, or doing subversive things. But authorities think he plotted and completed his last, most outrageously subversive act absolutely alone.

How did Ruby get to him?

Jack Ruby explained in remarkably casual fashion the circumstances that enabled him to shoot Oswald. "I was walking toward the city hall," he says. "I saw a policeman so I walked past and I guess they didn't notice me. I walked on down into the area where Oswald was being led out."

This story leaves some problems for the investigators—and for Ruby's jury trial—to settle. For Ruby actually was in and out of city hall frequently after Oswald was captured.

On the very afternoon of the assassination, when the press was battling and snapping for news—any news—in the city hall corridors, Ruby was already there. Said one policeman, "Jack, what the hell are you doing up here?" He was back again that night. He appears to have been free to come and go—and eventually to shoot—and the question is, why?

There seem to be at least two preliminary answers. One is that Ruby, owner of a striptease joint, had long cultivated the police as a desirable business tactic. They simply knew him so well that his presence was not challenged—perhaps on the grounds that each officer thought another had invited Ruby along.

The second answer seems to be that the police in Dallas, a prideful town,

were appalled that the President of the U.S. had been assassinated in their city, under their protection. Accordingly they treated the press with extreme gentleness. They allowed reporters and TV crews to roam freely around the city hall. They docilely brought Oswald out into the corridor for intermittent, ambulatory press conferences—ostensibly while he was en route to the bathroom. They had what amounted to a full-scale and formal exhibition of their prisoner on the night of the assassination. And, as everyone knows, they planned to transfer him at a stated hour because that is what they promised the press they would do.

Were the security preparations for the visit adequate?

Not really, it appears, in the face of prior evidence that there could be trouble. The President had decided in September to go to Texas. But on Oct. 24, in Dallas, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson was struck with a demonstrator's sign and spat on after a talk supporting the U.N. The attack, according to Dallas police, was not a minor incident; it was close to a riot.

Shaken, Stevenson told presidential adviser Arthur M. Schlesinger there was "a mood of unpredictable madness" in Dallas and asked that the President reconsider his trip. A few days later Stevenson called Schlesinger back and said he had changed his mind; a cancellation of the trip would be too obvious a slap in the city's face.

Nothing changed. Schlesinger had not relayed the first warning. Two presidential advance men flew to Texas from Washington to complete arrangements for the visit. The Secret Service inspected and approved the parade route—including the car-slowness curve in the highway lying under the windows of the Texas School Book Depository.

But the only special precautions were taken by Chief Curry. He put some 20 known Dallas extremists under surveillance of one kind or another and assigned most of his 48-man intelligence unit to guard the Trade Mart. In addition, he sent 15 detectives downtown to keep an eye on the crowd, just in case rabid right-wingers like the ones who had nearly mobbed Stevenson acted up. The President's route was not released to the public until 72 hours before his arrival—but the job Oswald held gave him solitary access to the windows commanding the route.

The fact that Oswald apparently decided to take a particular job in a particular building on the chance it might lead to a shot at the President stretches the credibility of any rational observer. But Oswald was not rational, and the incredible may have seemed commonplace to his fixed-focus mind. We will never know what went on in that mind. Ruby saw to that.

IN TEXAS A POLICEMAN AND A

by THOMAS THOMPSON

One hour after the President's casket was lowered into the hallowed ground of Arlington National Cemetery, more than 400 persons crowded into Dallas' Beckley Hills Baptist Church to mourn the other victim of that terrible afternoon—Officer J. D. Tippit, killed by Lee Harvey Oswald while seeking the President's assassin. More than a thousand people who were denied admittance to the service

milled outside the church. Inside, an organist, partly hidden behind a five-foot bank of flowers, played *The Old Rugged Cross*. The choir, conscious of the TV cameras on them, sang with unwonted stiffness. After the funeral 15 police motorcycles preceded the cortege to Laurel Land Memorial Cemetery where Tippit was buried in a special section reserved for Dallas' honored dead.

At almost the same time, just 35 miles away at Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, a cloth-covered wooden box bearing Lee Harvey Oswald's remains was being buried in the sticky red clay of a hastily

dug grave. Even though plans had been kept secret, the Oswald coffin was surrounded by uniformed police, and plainclothesmen were posted on the cemetery's borders, admitting only reporters bearing special passes. ("Fort Worth is taking better care of Oswald dead than Dallas did when he was alive," one reporter observed.)

On Sunday night the U.S. Secret Service had assured Miller's Funeral Home that "arrangements would be made" for payment of funeral costs—estimated at \$500. There were no frills. The Oswald family—then as before the shootings—had almost no money. (Contrary to rumor, they received no sum, large or small, from LIFE magazine.) In the absence of pallbearers seven reporters who were on

the scene volunteered to carry the coffin. For a while it had even seemed there might be no minister to bury Oswald. At the last moment Fort Worth Police Chief Cato Hightower had called the Rev. Louis Saunders, executive secretary of the Fort Worth Council of Churches, and the Rev. Mr. Saunders, who had not conducted a burial service in more than eight years, agreed to perform the last rites for Oswald. "Someone had to help this family," he said. "No man should be buried in Fort Worth without a minister."

As the hearse drove through the gates to the cemetery, the gravediggers were still feverishly scooping earth out of the plot. They had been alerted only an hour earlier that there was to be a funeral, and

KILLER WERE LAID TO REST TOO

they had a long way to go. Oswald's coffin remained for three hours in the cemetery's small chapel, untended except for a cordon of police.

The sky was rapidly darkening in the autumn dusk when the coffin was carried from the chapel to a platform beside the open grave. At the bottom a 2,700-pound steel-reinforced concrete vault was already in place to receive it. ("That vault would withstand a sledgehammer," Funeral Director Paul J. Groody reassured newsmen.)

Shortly, Lee Oswald's mourners arrived in two dusty police cars. They were five in number: Oswald's young Russian widow, Marina; his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald; his infant daughters—June Lee, 22 months, and Audrey

Marina Rachel, six weeks—and his brother, Robert, a 26-year-old accountant from Denton, Texas.

The assemblage of police, Secret Service men, reporters and Rose Hill employees upset Oswald's mother. "Privacy at the grave, please," she pleaded, "privacy at the grave."

Five battered aluminum folding chairs were placed at graveside under a faded green canopy. There were two floral offerings, a white blanket of carnations and a spray of red carnations from someone named Virginia Leach.

As the service began, plainclothesmen moved the newsmen—perhaps 75 in all—back away from the grave, partially screening their

view. From a field beyond the cemetery fence a scattering of onlookers, guessing what was happening, strained for a look at the flurry around the new grave. The undertaker opened the coffin to give the mourners a last glimpse of the young man, dead and infamous at 24. He was dressed for burial in a dark-brown suit, white shirt, brown tie and brown socks.

Marina Oswald, who speaks almost no English and could understand little of the simple ceremony, moved to the coffin to kiss her dead husband and to slip two rings on his finger. Her almost stoic composure disappeared and she sobbed bitterly. Oswald's mother and brother followed her. The Oswald babies cried loudly and the gaunt Reverend Saunders stepped

up to conclude the burial service. "God of the open sky and of the infinite universe," he intoned, "we pray and petition for this family who are heartbroken. Those who suffer and who have tears in their hearts will pray for them. . . . Their need is great."

The minister recited the 23rd Psalm and then the familiar words of Jesus: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . ."

There were no words for Lee Harvey Oswald except "may God have mercy on his soul."

THE OSWALDS. Oswald's family waits at cemetery for graveside service to begin. Oswald's wife Marina (left) holds daughter June Lee while his brother, Robert, speaks to federal officer and his mother holds his baby.

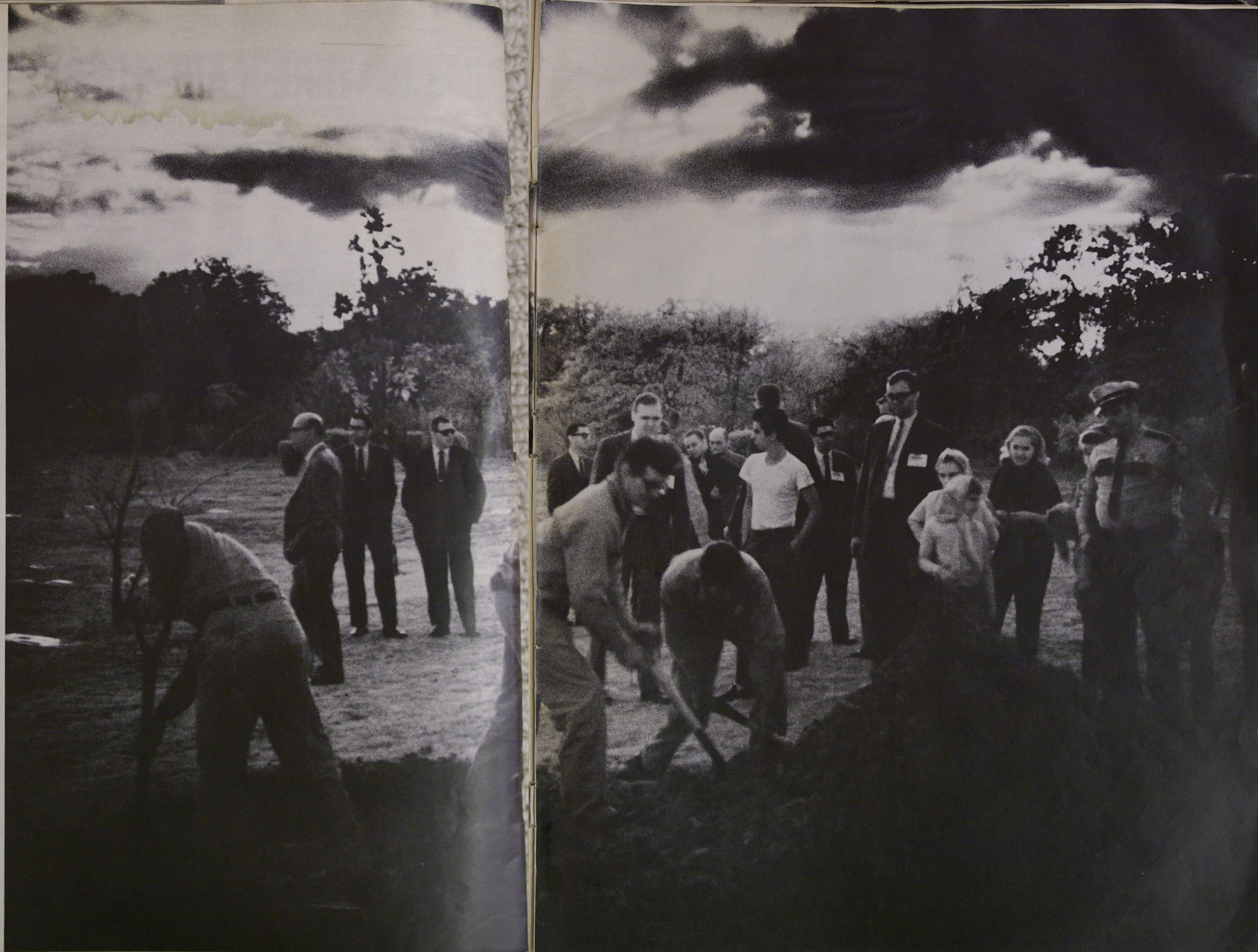
THE TIPPITS. At the grave of Officer J. D. Tippit are his family and thronging mourners. From left: Brenda, 10, brother-in-law Norvell Gasway, Curtis, 4, fellow officer Bill Anglin, Mrs. Tippit, brother-in-law Dwight Gasway.



**HURRIEDLY,
THE ASSASSIN'S
COFFIN WAS
COVERED OVER**

The service for Lee Oswald in Rose Hill Cemetery was over in 20 minutes. Quickly the Secret Service men whisked the Oswald family away. The grave-diggers worked frantically—almost furtively—to fill the grave as a few reporters and spectators watched. Then a light bulldozer moved in to help. When that was done a workman tossed the two floral offerings atop the mound of raw earth.

Two policemen were ordered to start an around-the-clock watch over the grave. "We like to think Fort Worth folks are even-tempered," explained Chief Cato Hightower. "But we can't take any chances. We don't want this grave bothered." The two guards watched glumly as several onlookers slipped over the fence and came to collect a few souvenir clods of earth from Oswald's grave.

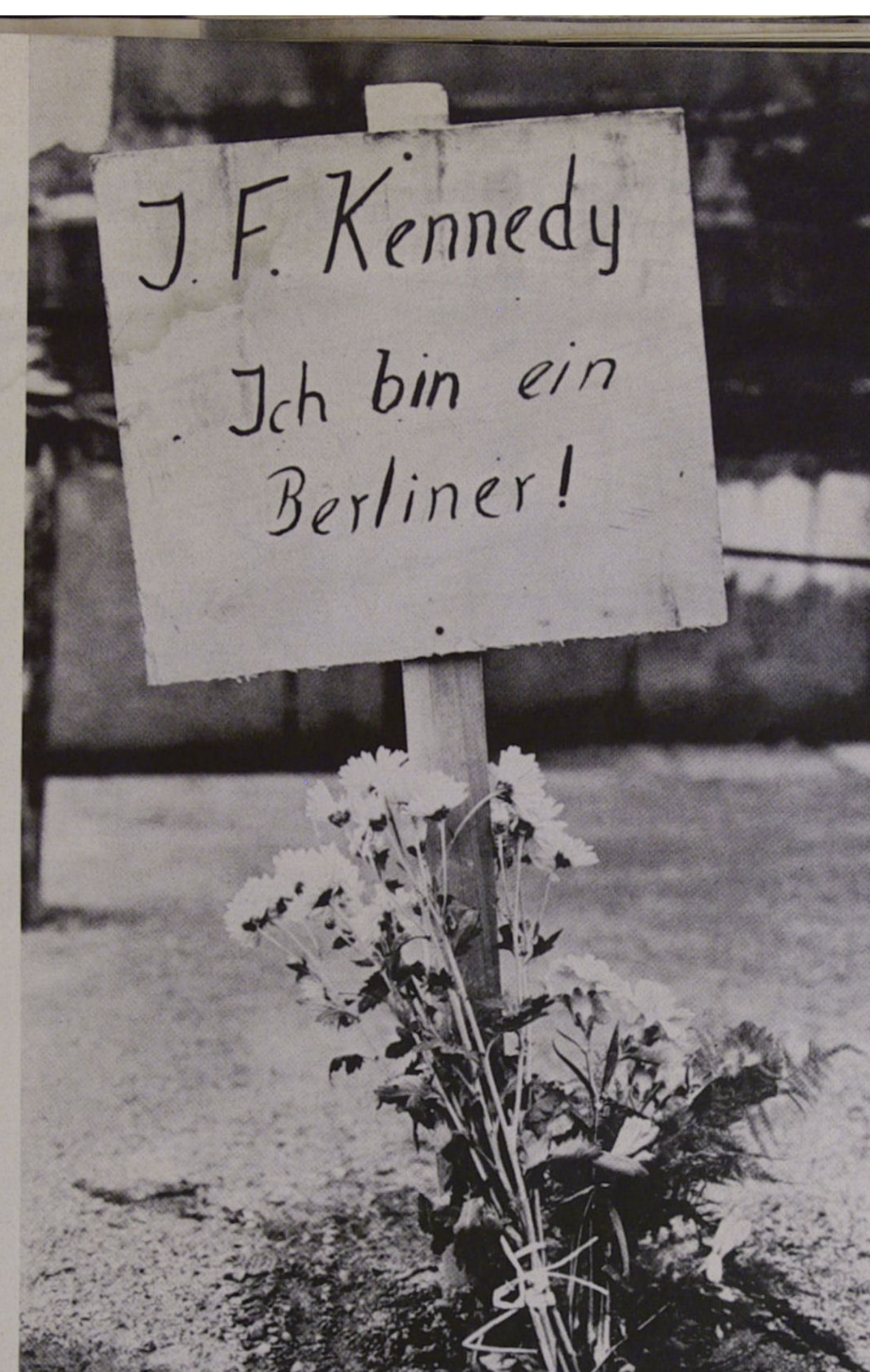




BERLINERS GRIEVE. A woman adds her small bouquet to the flowers carpeting the steps of West Berlin's city

hall where on June 26, 1963 John Kennedy said of those who think freedom is doomed, "Let them come

to Berlin!" His words brought roars from Berliners, who after his death flocked to sign book of condolences.



A tender sign and bouquet under the shadow of the Berlin Wall tell of the devotion mankind had for John F. Kennedy

SORROW RINGS A WORLD

Crudely lettered on a bit of board and hammered into the hard earth a few yards from the Berlin Wall, the sign read "Ich bin ein Berliner!"—"I am a Berliner!" John F. Kennedy had spoken these words in Berlin last June. The people of this besieged city mourned him as one of their own.

There was sorrow almost everywhere, on both sides of the wall. Frenchmen wept in the streets, and in Moscow a woman announcer narrating a television broadcast of his career had to pause to choke back tears.

From Madrid to Manila churches filled and American embassies were thronged with people who wanted to sign memorial books. Among the most touching of the many tributes were the simple lines that Irish poet Dominic Behan set to the old melody *Eileen Aruin* which President Kennedy had especially liked:

*Who will console them now, Sean of the Gael?
Who lived in hope with thou, Sean of the Gael,
What lips will smile so gay, laughing their fears away,
Who now to lead the fray, Son of the Gael?*

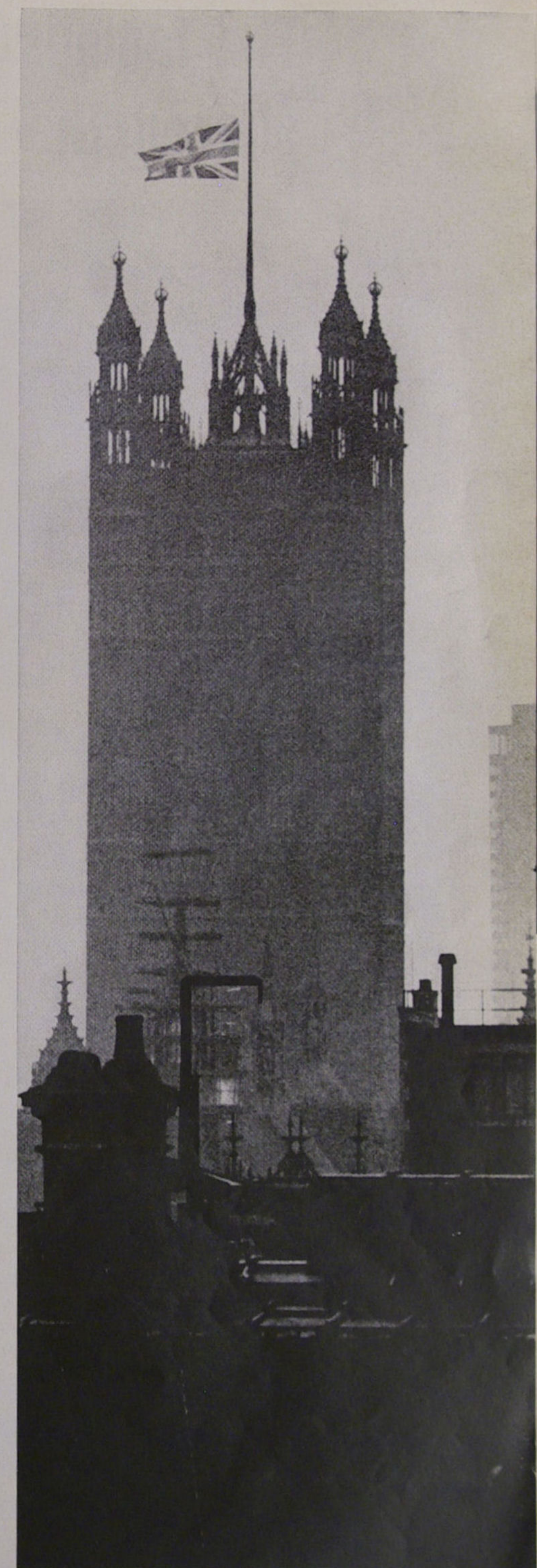
Berlin lighted torches as the world dipped its flags



RESPECT IN MILAN. Partially lowered Italian flag hangs beside a Gothic spire of the cathedral. Communist party headquarters in Rome flew the hammer-and-sickle flag at half-mast.

MEMORIAL IN BERLIN. Torchlight march of 25,000 mourners ends at square before city hall—now named John F. Kennedy Platz—where late President spoke during June visit.

TRIBUTE IN LONDON. Union Jack is at half-mast over Parliament. Commons adjourned out of respect for Kennedy, a gesture usually reserved for death of royalty or prime ministers.



The famous and unknown shared the loss in Paris

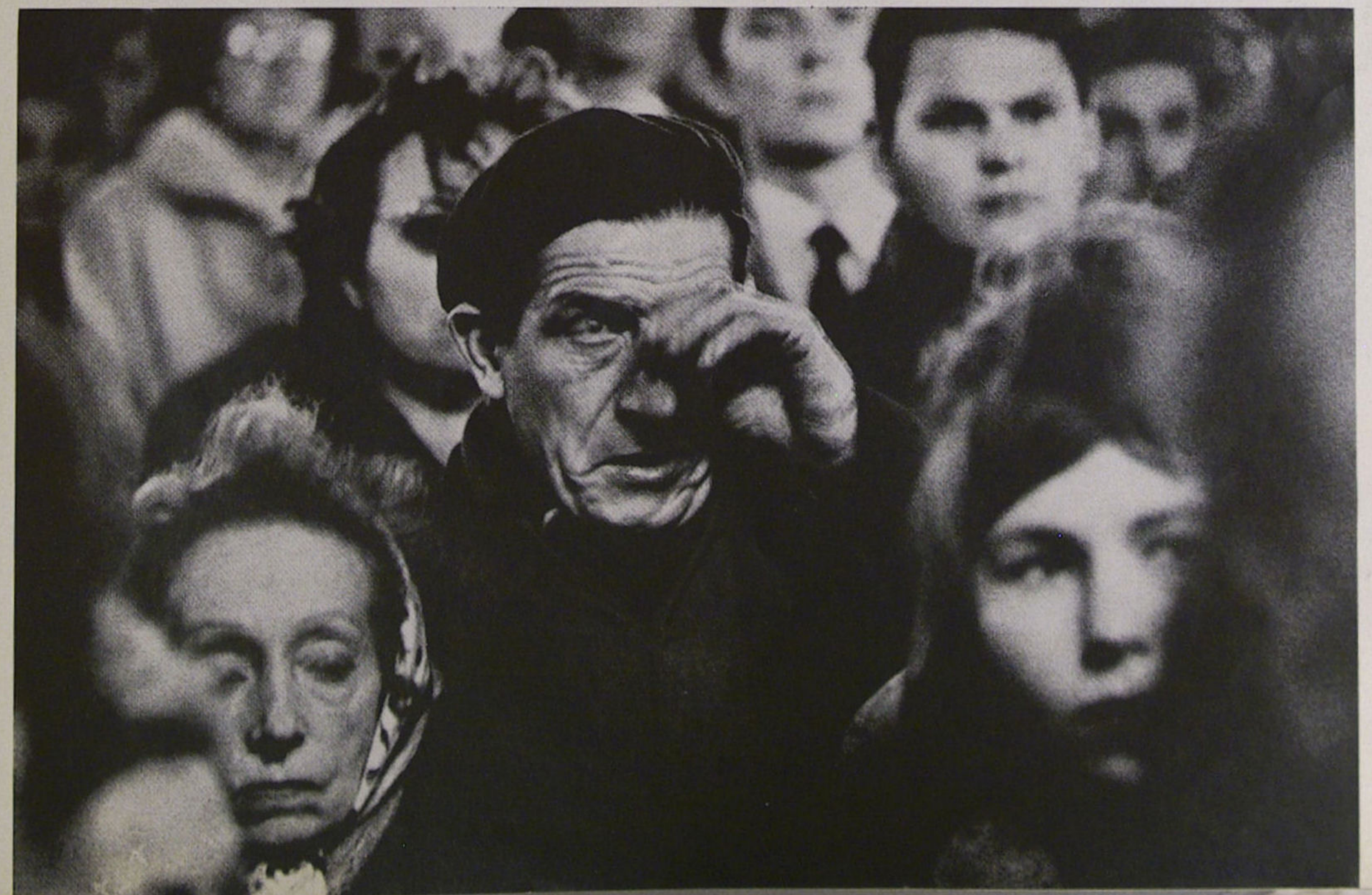
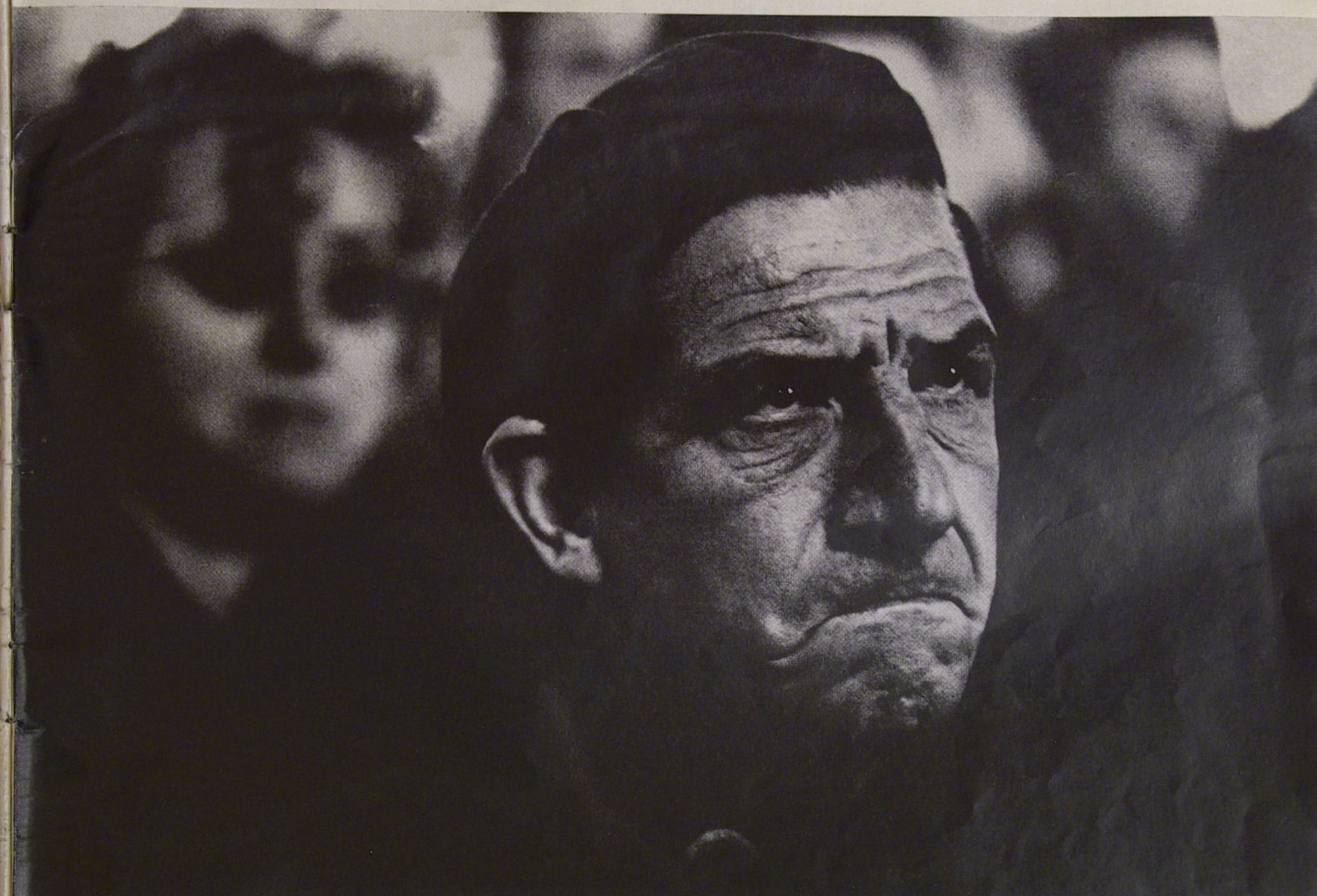


FRENCHMAN BREAKS UP. Outside Paris newspaper office a man seen above and in two pictures at right is overcome as he watches satellite relay of televised coverage of the funeral.



AN ACTRESS BROODS. A dejected Marlene Dietrich stands quietly at a service at American Legion Headquarters in Paris. She had been an enthusiastic Kennedy supporter.

A FIRST LADY MOURNS. In Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, Madame de Gaulle, wife of French president, sits alone during Mass timed to coincide with the service held in Washington.



Pope Paul prayed and Italy's president wept



THE POPE KNEELS. Dressed in ornate robes which are draped over a golden *prie-dieu* at the foot of his throne, Pope Paul VI offers a special prayer for the soul of John Kennedy.

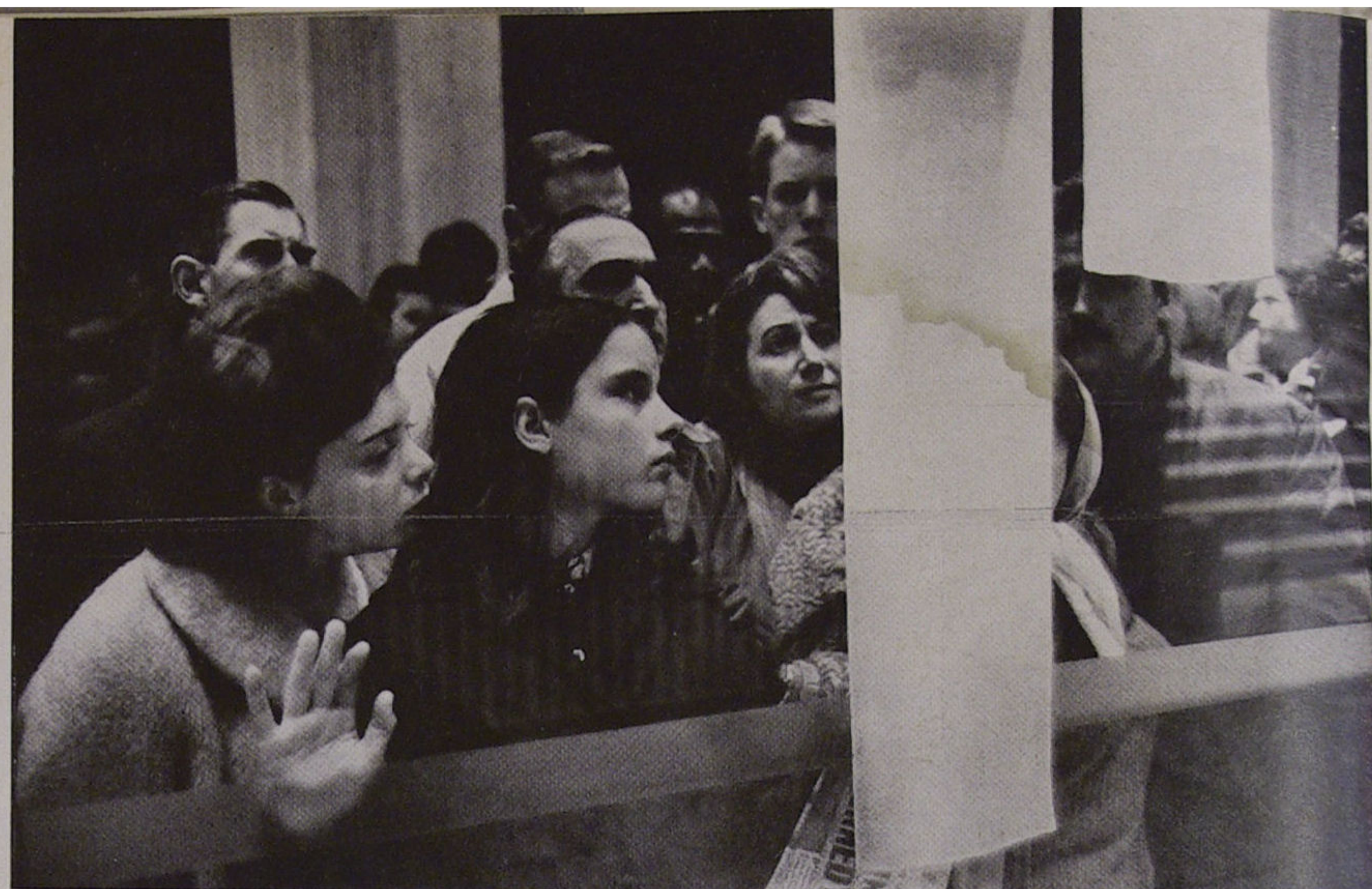
THE ROMANS SIGN. At U.S. embassy in Rome, a Marine guard looks on as people from all walks of life entered their names in a book of condolences that would later be sent to the U.S.



PRESIDENT IN TEARS. Ill with flu and unable to travel to Washington, Italian President Antonio Segni attends a Mass in Rome in his overcoat and breaks into unabashed sobs.

STRAVINSKY PERFORMS. Framed by statuary in a Roman church, Composer Igor Stravinsky conducts a performance of his *Mass for Mixed Chorus* in memory of the President.

ANXIETY IN LONDON. Outside the U.S. embassy, crowds press against glass facade to read bulletins on Kennedy's death that were pasted up as fast as they came over news tickers.



SERVICES IN PUERTO RICO. At a cathedral in San Juan, women pray for Kennedy during a memorial Mass sung by their archbishop, who flew back from Rome for the occasion.



'Never again,' said the priest,



ROYAL RESPECTS. On carriage used to deliver messages to and from Buckingham Palace in London, the queen's coachmen wear black armbands. The palace declared a week of mourning.

'will we see his smiling face'

IRISH MEMORIES. In Ballykelly Church, New Ross, a farmer joins villagers who met Kennedy during visit to Ireland. "Never again," said the priest, "will we see his smiling face."



By Theodore H. White

FOR PRESIDENT KENNEDY An Epilogue

She remembers how hot the sun was in Dallas, and the crowds—greater and wilder than the crowds in Mexico or in Vienna. The sun was blinding, streaming down; yet she could not put on sunglasses for she had to wave to the crowd.

And up ahead she remembers seeing a tunnel around a turn and thinking that there would be a moment of coolness under the tunnel. There was the sound of the motorcycles, as always in a parade, and the occasional backfire of a motorcycle. The sound of the shot came, at that moment, like the sound of a backfire and she remembers Connally saying, “No, no, no, no, no. . . .”

She remembers the roses. Three times that day in Texas they had been greeted with the bouquets of yellow roses of Texas. Only, in Dallas they had given her red roses. She remembers thinking, how funny—red roses for me; and then the car was full of blood and red roses.

Much later, accompanying the body from the Dallas hospital to the airport, she was alone with Clint Hill—the first Secret Service man to come to their rescue—and with Dr. Burkley, the White House physician. Burkley gave her two roses that had slipped under the President’s shirt when he fell, his head in her lap.

All through the night they tried to separate him from her, to sedate her, and take care of her—and she

would not let them. She wanted to be with him. She remembered that Jack had said of his father, when his father suffered the stroke, that he could not live like that. Don’t let that happen to me, he had said, when I have to go.

Now, in her hand she was holding a gold St. Christopher’s medal.

She had given him a St. Christopher’s medal when they were married; but when Patrick died this summer, they had wanted to put something in the coffin with Patrick that was from them both; and so he had put in the St. Christopher’s medal.

Then he had asked her to give him a new one to mark their 10th wedding anniversary, a month after Patrick’s death.

He was carrying it when he died and she had found it. But it belonged to him—so she could not put *that* in the coffin with him. She wanted to give him something that was hers, something that she loved. So she had slipped off her wedding ring and put it on his finger. When she came out of the room in the hospital in Dallas, she asked: “Do you think it was right? Now I have nothing left.” And Kenny O’Donnell said, “You leave it where it is.”

That was at 1:30 p.m. in Texas.

But then, at Bethesda Hospital in Maryland, at 3 a.m. the next morning, Kenny slipped into the chamber where the body lay and brought her back the ring, which, as she talked now, she twisted.

On her little finger was the other ring: a slim, gold circlet with green emerald chips—the one he had given her in memory of Patrick.

THERE was a thought, too, that was always with her. “When Jack quoted something, it was usually classical,” she said, “but I’m so ashamed of myself—all I keep thinking of is this line from a musical comedy.

“At night, before we’d go to sleep, Jack liked to play some records; and the song he loved most came at the very end of this record. The lines he loved to hear were: *Don’t let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot.*”

She wanted to make sure that the point came clear and went on: “There’ll be great Presidents again—and the Johnsons are wonderful, they’ve been wonderful to me—but there’ll never be another Camelot again.

“Once, the more I read of history the more bitter I got. For a while I thought history was something that bitter old men wrote. But then I realized history made Jack what he was. You must think of him as this little boy, sick so much of the time, reading in bed, reading history, reading the Knights of the Round Table, reading Marlborough. For Jack, history was full of heroes. And if it made him this way—if it made him see the heroes—maybe other little boys will see. Men are such a combination of good and bad. Jack had this heroic idea of history, the idealistic view.”

But she came back to the idea that transfixed her: “*Don’t let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot*—and it will never be that way again.”

As for herself? She was horrified by the stories that she might live abroad. “I’m *never* going to live in Europe. I’m not going to ‘travel extensively abroad.’

That’s a desecration. I’m going to live in the places I lived with Jack. In Georgetown, and with the Kennedys at the Cape. They’re my family. I’m going to bring up my children. I want John to grow up to be a good boy.”

As for the President’s memorial, at first she remembered that, in every speech in their last days in Texas, he had spoken of how in December this nation would loft the largest rocket booster yet into the sky, making us first in space. So she had wanted something of his there when it went up—perhaps only his initials painted on a tiny corner of the great Saturn, where no one need even notice it. But now Americans will seek the moon from Cape Kennedy. The new name, born of her frail hope, came as a surprise.

The only thing she knew she must have for him was the eternal flame over his grave at Arlington.

“Whenever you drive across the bridge from Washington into Virginia,” she said, “you see the Lee Mansion on the side of the hill in the distance. When Caroline was very little, the mansion was one of the first things she learned to recognize. Now, at night you can see his flame beneath the mansion for miles away.”

She said it is time people paid attention to the new President and the new First Lady. But she does not want them to forget John F. Kennedy or read of him only in dusty or bitter histories:

For one brief shining moment there was Camelot.



The warmest way

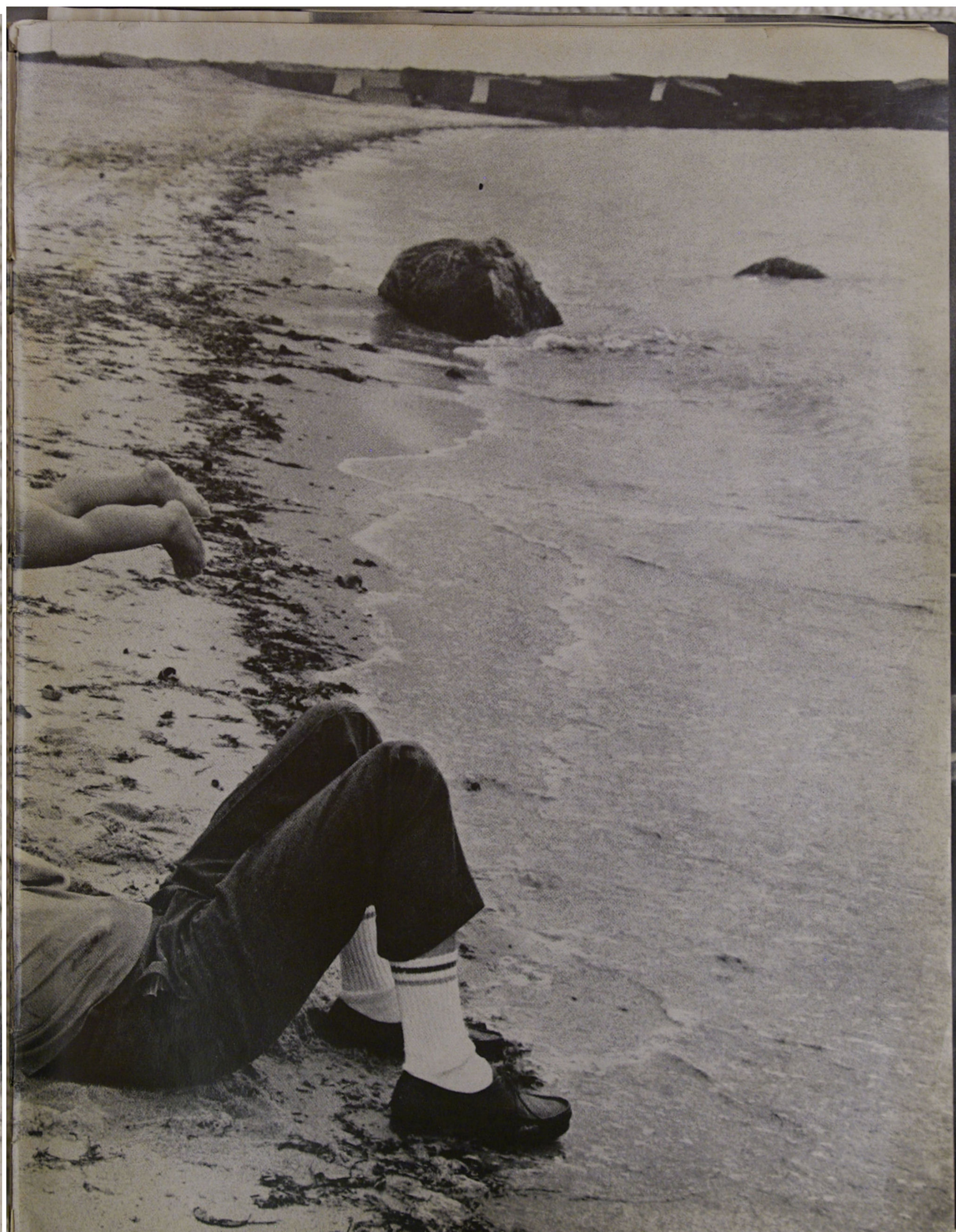


It was along the quiet shores of a Cape Cod resort, Hyannis Port, that Jack Kennedy found rare relief from the crushing cares of his office, and the time really to be a father. It was here that he loved to sail, swim and ramble with Jackie, Caroline and John-John. It was amidst the flowered serenity of the Kennedy lawn that the President could draw up his knees and pretend a taste for clover blossoms. It was on the nearby beach that he could lie fully dressed in the sand and not care that sea water lapped at his feet. And it was in the scrub-covered dunes that the President could walk and feel a loneliness different from that imposed by his power in Washington.

to remember him



This was a usual scene along the beach—lifting Caroline up high, a laugh, a squint against the falling sand.





This was the President's favorite photograph. He loved to walk on the dunes near Hyannis Port. And this was his son's farewell salute—facing his father's coffin and doing what he had seen the real soldiers do.





THIS WAS THE
MOMENT WHEN
THE SOLEMN
PAGEANTRY
BEGAN FOR
MRS. KENNEDY,
CAROLINE AND
JOHN JR.